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Detail from an amphora painted in Athens by Euxinos, c.540-530 BC, representing a board game played by Achilles and Ajax, who have set aside part of their armour, and call the acrobats "four-thirds". The episode is not mentioned in any literary source. The illustration is taken from the new edition of *The Plates to Volume 3 of The Cambridge Ancient History* (289 pp, with 385 plates, Cambridge University Press, 1984, £52.25 net).
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Reasons for dissidence

Gregory Vlastos

RICHARD KRAUT
Socrates and the State
338 pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press.
£18.60.
0691 076669

David Hume counts Socrates among those who hold the "Tory" doctrine of "passive obedience". To be sure, classical scholarship was the least of Hume's concerns. But there are scholars of repute who support this reading of Plato's *Crito*. What Socrates teaches there is "obedience aveugle" to the state in the opinion of Jacqueline de Romilly (*La Loi dans la pensée grecque*, 1957), "obéissance d'esclave, obéissance totale" in that of Jean Humbert (*Socrate et les petits socratiques*, 1967); that "it is unjust to disobey the law, even when the law is unjust" (Arthur Adkins, *Merit and Responsibility: A study in Greek values*, 1960). Could this be really true? The last person in the world one would expect to tolerate, let alone sponsor, such a view is the hero of the *Crito*'s companion-piece, the *Apology of Socrates*: gadfly of Athens, whose inquisitorial dialectic dilly drew blood from the hides of his fellow-citizens (the city's sovereigns), gave them no peace, until at last, in a reflex of exasperation, they swatted him to death. George Grote, master-craftsman of Victorian Platonism, who also got "absolute submission" out of the *Crito*, found it so unlike Socrates that he took desperate measures to avoid the contradiction. He declared that dialogue an apologetic fiction, a loving fabrication designed to rehabilitate Socrates' public image after his death - to make the gadfly's ghost a good Athenian.

It is the singular merit of Richard Kraut's book to show that the *Crito* transmits an altogether different message - the very opposite of what Hume & Co have believed. This result is not reached by some feat of exegetical acrobatics ("deconstruction" and the like). The author gets it by reading the text soberly, with close attention to what it says, reasoning out its import within its own linguistic and historical framework. Consider what he does with these crucial lines: "In war, in court of law, everywhere, one must do what one's city and fatherland command or persuade (*peithen*) her of the nature of justice" (51B-C). Kraut zeroes in on *peithen*. Coming through (unavoidably) as "persuade" in all of the standard translations, it has been generally taken to

mean "convince". If this were allowed the ultraconformist interpretation would be hard to resist. If "obey-or-persuade" is to be read as "obey-or-convince", the hopelessness of the second option would make it as good as none for all practical purposes. But must *peithen* be so read? Kraut reminds us that Greek action-verbs have a "conative" use ("does X" for "tries to do X"). He asks us to note that in the *Apology* (30A-E) Socrates spends all day long "persuading" people he leaves unconvinced. Apply this sense to "obey-or-persuade" and see what you get within the Athenian legal context: the machinery which is in place for law-infraction will itself give the dissident his chance to "persuade" the city. Disobeying on grounds of conscience, he lands in court, confronting a small mass-meeting of his fellow-citizens (501 of them sat on the court that tried Socrates). Pleading guilty, he gives his reasons for having acted as he did. He has satisfied the "obey-or-persuade" formula.

On these terms, instead of "passive obedience", we get from the *Crito* exactly what we would expect from the *Apology*: a credible analogue to the modern doctrine of civil disobedience. Not the same thing, Kraut warns, for in the latter the "persuading" is done principally in and through the disobedient act itself, construed as "symbolic speech", a public appeal designed to change the unjust ordinance, while in the *Crito*, he observes, "there is not a word about changing the law through persuasion". But still, close enough: the Socratic dissident nullifies non-violently the force of the law in his own personal life and proves his conscientiousness by welcoming prosecution, turning the trial into a public forum to explain himself to his city, and then submitting willingly to the punishment which is virtually sure to follow.

Can this interpretation be made to stick in the face of the opposite one by redoubtable predecessors? I believe it can. There will be objections, of course. I cannot run through them. But I am convinced that they are not unanswerable. Here are two: (1) Will the interpretation fit Socrates' own case in the *Crito*, where obedience, not disobedience, is being justified? It will, once we see that in this case "obey-or-persuade" has an appropriately different application: retrospective and hypothetical. At his trial Socrates had pointedly ignored the charge that he had broken Athenian law. He hadn't. But to argue so would concede more than he thought he should to his prosecutors. So he conjures up on the

spot a hypothetical case and through it gives them all they could want, and more, by way of confessed disobedience: suppose he were ordered flat-out, "quit philosophizing, or die", he says, he would prefer "many deaths" to self-muzzlement and explains why: he has a duty to the god (the oracle was god's command) and to the city ("no greater good" was ever done to it by anyone) and to himself ("the unexamined life is not worth living by man"). That was his "persuading". He had his chance then and used it up. Now he must take his medicine. (2) How could Socrates "impugn the justice of the law" in an Athenian court empowered only to judge under the law? He could not ask the court to disallow the law; he could plead that he thought it unjust and was, therefore, conscience-bound to break it. At these and other points Kraut's proposal stands up well under attack though not, in my opinion, if we take "obey-or-persuade" to mean that a legal order may be disobeyed "only if that order is in fact unjust". I suggest: delete "only" or else add "in the citizen's judgment". Our own assessment of that "fact" is, in the last analysis, our only access to it. This, surely, is the plain common sense of the matter. Why should Socrates think otherwise?

Socrates most certainly does believe that there is such a thing as moral knowledge, that it can be reached by elenctic inquiry and, when reached, is authoritative. But does that make him, as Kraut maintains, "a moral authoritarian"? (For "authoritarian" my *Concise OED* gives "favouring obedience to authority as opp. to individual liberty".) He scorns the opinion of the "many". He will heed only that of "the man who knows", whose moral knowledge he analogizes to that of the craftsman and physician. These analogies are treacherous. But do they support the claim that Socrates thinks "that if someone has knowledge of moral matters, then he should give commands and the rest of us should obey"? When my doctor says "quit smoking or face lung-cancer" and even takes it upon himself to say "now I must order you to stop", is he really denying me the liberty to decide what, if anything, I should do with that "order"? The same is true in moral matters and Socrates would be the first to say so. He tells *Crito*:

Not now for the first time, but always, I am the sort of man who obeys nothing in me except the argument which appears to me to be the best when I reason about it (C. 46B4-6: a text not discussed anywhere in the book, not listed in the *Index locorum*).

Socrates would expect everyone who is not a

fool to do the same. This cuts very deep into his conception of moral knowledge. He believes that the truth he seeks in elenctic inquiry is in the people who argue against it. His interlocutors are never enjoined (far less "commanded") to agree with him or with anyone else, be he ever so wise. To recover the truth they reject, he believes, they need only come to agree with themselves.

So far I have commented on less than half of the book. To arresting things to the other half I must refer, regrettably, more briefly. Kraut devotes the better part of five chapters to the passage in which the personified Laws of Athens argue for "obey or persuade". There has been much valuable discussion of this classical text of late. The whole of A. D. Woozley's book *Law and Obedience* (1979) is devoted to it. It is probed in G. Santas's *Socrates* (1979) and R. E. Allen's *Socrates and Legal Obligation* (1980). Kraut debates these authors, learns from them, corrects them at important points. His own analysis is the most thorough and, in my opinion, the best yet. It brings under good control that wild talk which put "absolute submission" into the heads of Grote, Hume and the rest: "You are our offspring and our slave" (50E). Kraut argues convincingly that those scaly analogies are not meant to assimilate political obedience to what Athenian sons owe the paterfamilias or - God forbid! - slaves their masters. Their highly restricted import is indicated firmly in the sentence that follows directly in the text: "It is not right for you to do in return to us what we undertake to do to you" (50E5-7). Using "violence" in a (deplorably loose) sense, ranging from killing at one extreme to harsh words at the other, the Laws tell Socrates that "violence" can justifiably be used by them against him but not by him against them and put up those analogies only to reinforce this asymmetry: "violence" by him against the Laws is no more justified than by son (or slave) against parent (or master). Kraut treats these analogies more indulgently than they deserve; but he does get an argument out of them and disarms their unwanted authoritarian evocations.

And he shows well that the Laws do not lean on the famous, now completely discredited, "generalization argument" ("X would be bad if everyone did it, ergo no one should ever do it"). The Laws do not tell Socrates not to subvert the unjust verdict of the court just because if everyone were to do so the Athenian legal order would be destroyed. They offer substantive grounds on which, they claim, Socrates

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The Kisse of God and Nature

C. H. Sisson

ALAN RUDRUM (Editor)
The Works of Thomas Vaughan
761pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £50.
0198124732

Thomas Vaughan, the magician who called himself Eugenius Philalethes, was the twin brother of Henry Vaughan, the poet who added to his name the designation of "Silurist". The boys were born in the parish of Llansantffraid in Breconshire in 1621; in the background was the great family house of Tretower, still to be seen: in the courtyard – or so the guide used to say, with a plausibility the surroundings did nothing to damage – had been mustered the archers who fought at Agincourt. Thomas died in 1665/6, so a crucial part of his life was passed among other troubles.

The biographical material is scanty, and what there is – including some new material of a peripheral kind – is set out in Alan Rudrum's introduction to this collected edition of his works. There was a collected edition published by the Theosophical Society in 1919, but Thomas Vaughan has not been well served by reprints, so the present book has some importance for general readers as well as for specialists. The brothers received their first education locally from Matthew Herbert, to whose scholarship Henry paid tribute in a poem prefixed to *Olor Iscanus*. Thomas certainly, and Henry almost certainly, was at Jesus College, Oxford, by 1638. Thomas stayed while his brother went off to London to study law. He was ordained and for a short time was rector of Llansantffraid, but he was ejected in 1650 in the great drive against the clergy loyal to the king and the Prayer Book – in contemporary language, "for the better Propagation and Preaching of the Gospel in Wales". By this time he was already in London, where he spent the rest of his life in chemical and other studies, from 1651-8 in collaboration with his wife Rebecca, to whom he pays tribute in a fascinating manuscript notebook, *Aqua Vitae*, reprinted in its chronological place at the end of the *Works*.

It is a shadowy world that Thomas Vaughan inhabited. The affinities with his twin Henry give it an added interest, but even apart from that connection it is one which must attract anyone who has any sense of those times. How much of the special flavour of this work – and of its obscurity – comes from Vaughan's beginnings in those western reaches? "English is a Language the Author was not born to", he wrote the reader at the end of his first treatise, *Antroposophia Magica*. "Magic came to be out of Request", he complains, in a passage of the *Magia Adamica* in which he speaks of himself as "one born out of due time, Eugenius Philalethes". In *Aqua Vitae* he records how he dreamed of "the greave Oake, which grows before the Court yard of my fathers house". The past was still with him, certainly. May there not be a touch of the apprehensions in

Breconshire in his formulation: "A Witch is a Rebel in Physics, and a Rebel is a Witch in Politics"?

Whatever weight we may give to the Welsh element in Vaughan's work, the more general troubles of the time certainly bore down upon him. Political suspicions were in the air. It was not innocence to declare, as he early did, that he was "neither Papist, nor Sectary, but a true resolute Protestant in the best sense of the Church of England". He was in fact a Laudian, as his Latin poem published in 1678 with his brother's *Thalia Rediviva* shows. But there is a sense in which, without regard to the ecclesiastical quarrels then current, the whole temper of his thought was against the abstracting tendencies of Puritanism as it was against what he regarded as the mere verbalism of Schoolmen and "Peripatetics". Whatever he sought to apprehend had to be apprehended in all its physical fullness. In spite of his bookishness, his flourishing of the names of Cornelius Agrippa and Trithemius, he is above all a man dazzled by visible nature, searching behind her appearances, no doubt, but figuring his explanations in such form as to bring himself back to the surfaces of things. There is an *anima mundi*, and it is recognized by the life it gives, as the soul gives life to the body which will fall to mere corruption without it.

As against the Schoolmen, Vaughan is a follower of Bacon but his mind was too full of cosmological fancies for it to be likely that he did much to advance the experimental method. One would like to have seen him among his conceptions:

On the same Day that my deare wife sickened being a Friday, and at the same time of day, namely in the Evening, my gracious god did put into my heart the Secret of extracting the Oyle of Helicall, which I had once accidentally found at the Pinner of Wakefield, in the days of my most deare Wife.

He had "found at last that Nature was Magically, not Peripatetically", but the truth is that this is the discovery with which he set out on the banks of the Usk. Wonder which man was not only the beginning of knowledge, but the end. The members of the Royal Society, Sprat tells us, "forebore from studying these two Subjects, God and the Soul", but this exclusion was impossible for Vaughan. For him there was "nothing on Earth, though never so simple, so vile and abject in the sight of man, but it bears witness of God, even to that obscure Mystery, his Unity and Trinity". If in his hatred of mere abstractions and his passion for observation, Vaughan was moving towards a scientific view of the world, in his possession of and by the Scriptures and his wandering among them he was a product of the English Reformation. Indeed his work may be taken as representing a significant point in the transition from a theocentric view not to an anthropocentric one but to one oriented on the natural world as a whole. The "mysterious Kisse of God and Nature is", in his view, "clearly and punctually delivered" in Scripture, which he reads with the new freedom which was characteristic of

his time. It would be wrong to see Vaughan's characteristic thought as disappearing for ever in the great stream of scientific rationalism, for has not something like it re-emerged in our own concern for the future of the natural world? "Nay, to whom is Salvation minister'd, if Nature be taken away? I doubt not but man stands in Nature, not above it."

There is some gain in clarity and ease of writing between the earlier and the later tracts, as might be expected, but mere discursive lucidity is not to be looked for. Vaughan is above all an imaginative writer, if by that one means not someone concerned with mere fictions but someone who tries to render directly the world as he sees it. Such a faculty does not enable an author to escape from the load of thoughts he has inherited – none of us can do that – but to read him properly we have to submit at least temporarily to his reasonings in order to share his perceptions. At least we must not question his vision, and it is easiest not to do so in those extraordinary passages of descriptive and narrative writing such as the pages of *Lumen de lumine* in which Vaughan gives an account of his encounter with Thalia. All this passes in so diaphanous a world that, when Vaughan turns to more discursive matter, we are hardly surprised to find him enforcing a point by quoting Campton. Under a "shade and skreen" where a number of nightingales lodged, "discovered by their whitish breasts", he encounters his mistress, a figure doubtless at a great distance from Beatrice but both in luminosity and complexity perhaps a creature of the same kind:

I could see between me and the Light, a most exquisite, divine Beauty. Her frame neither long, nor short, but a meane decent *Stature*. Attir'd she was in *thin loose silks*, but so green, that I never saw the like, for the Colour was not *Earthly*. In some places it was *faded with white* and *Silver Ribbons* which look'd like *Lilies* in a field of *Grasse*. Her head was overcast with a thin floating *Tiffanie*.

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and everyone else should refrain from conduct that would contribute causally to that result. They stake out two such grounds. The first is the gratitude they claim is due to them for Socrates' legitimate birth, nurture and education. The second is the agreement, they say, Socrates has made, by choosing to reside in Athens, to obey. In his discussion of this second ground Kraut points out that (*pace* Hume and lately Woolzley) choosing to reside in one's native city is not meant to be sufficient evidence of tacit agreement to obey; conduct demonstrating satisfaction with the law is also necessary. But after arguing this out at length Kraut concludes that this whole argument is "misconceived at the core".

Even if the Laws had succeeded in showing Socrates he had implicitly agreed to obey... the contract in question would nevertheless be unconscionable because the state would have been offering the citizen what in any case ought to be his.

This criticism, original and profound, is matched by another which the previous argument – the one from gratitude – invites, resting as it does on a vital premise which surfaces belatedly in Plato's text (after the Laws have run through the whole of their argument from gratitude): "we have distributed to you and to all the other citizens all the fair things it was in our power to bestow" (51C-D). The unstinting and indiscriminating beneficence of the Laws is what gives the argument the strength it has: gratitude to a maleficent or discriminatory legal order would be a nasty joke. The question then is what conditions of just beneficence the Laws must satisfy if they are to earn the citizen's gratitude. So if we are to suppose with Kraut that a "theory" of political loyalty is offered us in the *Crito* we should observe (as he does not) that it is left hollow at the centre, for

this all-important question is not addressed: it goes by default.

This critique can be pushed further. At one point Kraut remarks that "Plato [in the *Crito*] wants to tell his readers... if everyone believed what Socrates believes, the city would be well governed". Well, would it? Recall the dictum in the Funeral Oration in Thucydides (so imperishably memorable that it can't be spoiled by having been run into the ground by the late Hannah Arendt and others): "For we alone consider one who takes no part in politics to be a man not that meddles with nothing, but that is good for nothing" (2.40.2; the italicized words are in Hobbes's translation). Suppose that by and large Athenians had done only what falls under the political obligations acknowledged in the *Crito* – obeying all just laws and disobeying and persuading unjust ones. Would the city be "well governed"? That is what Socrates did, practising what he preached; doing so he could, without inconsistency, wash his hands of what was then called "doing politics" (*prattein ta politika*). So he, Athens' best arguer, stayed on principle out of the debates through which public policy was formed, fateful decisions, sometimes monstrous ones, were reached. When it was moved in the Assembly that genocide was the right penalty for Mytilene, and then again for Scione, and for Melos (the decision was "No" in the case of the first, "Yes" in that of the other two), where was Socrates then? Where was he when the Assembly debated that expedition to Syracuse, whose colossal folly was to cost Athens more lives and treasure than any of its public acts before or since? He excuses himself:

Athenians, you know well that if I had undertaken to do politics long ago, I would have perished long ago

and done no good to you or to myself (*Apology*, 31D-E).

All right. A man with a rare, exquisite, gift, whose employment is needed by all, may well be exempted from the rough work that falls on the rest of us. But if it is his special gift to enlighten us on our moral duties, dare he forget that if we did as he did, denying our voice to the Assembly, our service to the law-courts and the magistracies, we would be "good for nothing" and the city would be nothing? Is it surprising that Socrates should have ignored the ethos needed to undergird the greatest corporate achievement of his patriarchy: participatory democracy? It would be, if he had set himself to produce, as Kraut believes, a "political theory". If this had been his project the first thing he would have done would have been to ask, as Plato was to do later (*Republic*, II-X), "What is a polis? What is a good polis?" and to have examined possible answers with his own powerful investigative instrument – the elenchus. He does no such thing. In the *Crito*, where we would most expect it, we get an impassioned, long-winded monologue instead of question-and-answer argument. We are left in the dark on what we need so much to know: Why is it that he prefers (and "strongly prefers": *Crito*, 52C) the laws of Athens to those of any city in the world, "Greek or barbarian"? Rightly acknowledging this preference (all too often ignored, even denied, by other scholars), Kraut produces a rationale for it: the ultra-democratic Athenian constitution gives Socrates more freedom to speak and think than he could have had elsewhere. A good guess – but no more. Socrates does not say so. There is not a word to that effect in the *Crito* and Kraut does not suggest

there is.

Socrates must be charged with more than sin of omission here. Unguided by systems, inquiry into the nature of the state, ignorant of his own ignorance in this area, our moralist was really here a very muddled man. What did Athenian citizens owe Athens? Obedience, certainly (for with all its faults the kind of state that deserves it). This, says Socrates, gets right. Beyond it he gets lost. He tells Callicles that the test by which the excellence of a statesman should be judged, whether or not he improves the moral character of his fellows. Applying this test to Pericles (arguably the best statesman Athens ever had) he gives him failing marks (he made the Athenians "idlers, cowards, chatterers, money-lovers", *Gorgias*, 515E). By the same test, says Socrates, he gives his fellow-citizens "of the men of our time alone no politics" (*Gorgias*, 521D). Should Kraut have called Socrates to task for conflating the politician's function with that of a character-mender and soul-saver? And does he not have tracked down this confusion found in Socrates' moral idealism which implies political virtue (such as Pericles: Thucydides 2.65.8) of moral significance?

I must not end on a negative note. My acknowledgments Kraut bands me a handsome bouquet for having once been an *accident* of his teacher. I can return the compliment: I welcome his instruction. Having singled, not very successfully, myself with *Crito* in the past, I can appreciate his achievement all the better. On its doctrine of cautious disobedience he has scored a bullseye. I have long believed that Grote (a hero of mine) was dead wrong on this point. Now I understand why.

Audience reactions

Bernard Knox

W.B. STANFORD
Greek Tragedy and the Emotions: An introductory study
192pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £11.95.
0 7100 9554 6

Q. How did the tragedians make their audiences cry? A. That would take a whole book to answer. This exchange from an introductory dialogue, a "dialecto conducted with several helpful scholars", sums up the content and purpose of W.B. Stanford's book. Much of what has so far been written about emotions and tragedy is concerned with the two emotions Aristotle singled out, pity and fear; modern studies of the subject, strongly influenced (whatever their interpretation of it) by Aristotle's theory of catharsis, "have mostly been concerned about how to reduce or get rid of the emotions aroused by Greek tragedy and not about how they were stimulated and sustained". Stanford takes for his theme the whole gamut of human emotions and the means used by the dramatists to excite and play on them. "The subject of the present work... is how the Athenian tragedians made their characters and choruses cry with pity, shudder with fear, storm with rage, strain with suspense, dance with joy and spit with hate, and how these representations of emotionalism affected their audiences."

There is, of course, very little evidence on which to base discussion of the effect on the audience: two or three references by Plato to tragedy's (and Homer's) power to stir the passions have to be buttressed by a few anecdotes about audience reaction, most of them late and some of them, like the miscarriages caused by the appearance of the Furies in Aeschylus' *Eumenides*, rather suspect. But Stanford is able to make good use of ancient treatises on oratory, especially the first eleven chapters of Book II of Aristotle's *Rhetoric*, to present a survey of ancient Greek conceptions of the emotions, seen from the standpoint of the orator who plans to put them to use. This is perfectly justifiable: "Oratory", as he puts it, "was highly rhetorical, just as parts of tragedy were highly rhetorical."

He begins with the dominant emotions of Aristotle's definition of tragedy, pity (to which

he adds its more "abstract and cerebral" form *philanthropia*, "love of humanity") and fear, to which is attached *ekplexis*, "a state of shock or stupefaction", and *ira*, "confusion". Anger, of course, is an especially tragic passion, one which Aristotle in the *Rhetoric* defines as a painful emotion (*lupe*) which however "contains a certain pleasure resulting from the hope of revenge" – a thoroughly Greek definition. Anger leads easily to hatred; its opposite, passionate desire, eros, can bring joy as well as grief. With enlightening illustrations from rhetorical and philosophical works on the subject and a fine eye for useful distinctions, Stanford discusses the whole range of those tragic passions which in Yeats's phrase, "spin the plot".

The next five chapters are devoted to the oral and visual techniques by which all these emotions are communicated to the audience. The first two concentrate on sound. Music, of course, is a forceful instrument for the purpose, as film directors know all too well; texts from Homer to the philosophers demonstrate Greek awareness of the awesome power music can exert over the emotions. Music was used, of course, in the theatre of Dionysus; the choral odes were sung to the accompaniment of the *aulos*, a "pipe played like an oboe", which, according to Aristotle, was considered the most "orgastic" of instruments. But though we have a great deal of ancient material dealing with music, we find it next to impossible to imagine what it sounded like, and in any case, it is clear that, for the fifth century at least, the words were the dominant factor; the Athenian dramatists, unlike the modern "operatic" composers, wanted people to hear the words rather than the tune. Stanford deals also with "music's ugly sister, noise". Most noises on the ancient stage were produced by human beings, not by mechanical devices off-stage. Among them were a very large number of inarticulate cries expressing grief, joy, astonishment, and many other emotions, a repertoire of "over thirty" formal emotional cries which puts our paltry Anglo-Saxon collection of ejaculatory monosyllables to shame. He also deals with dramatic silences which, he says, "can be as expressive as noise or speech, especially among people so talkative as the Greeks".

And he proceeds, in the next chapter, to deal with "the music of the spoken word". He is on dangerous ground here, as he candidly admits,

"most of what has been said in this chapter is speculative" – for not everyone will agree, for example, that "Sophocles recalled the heroic status of sick Philoctetes by making Neoptolemos use hexameters in 839-42" (he might be "recalling" the oracular prophecy of Helenos) and our understanding of the different tone levels indicated by the accents is still, especially in the case of the grave accent, in matter of keen dispute. Nevertheless, Stanford's speculations are informed; the author of *The Sound of Greek* knows what he is talking about and those who have had the privilege of hearing him recite Greek poetry will not easily dismiss his sensitive reactions to patterns of sound in the spoken verse.

Perhaps his preoccupation with sound is responsible for a certain weakness in the discussion of the "visual element" which follows immediately in his book. His emphasis is firmly on "the supreme value of the mudlin elements in Greek tragedy" and though he "does not intend to suggest that visual effects were negligible" his treatment does manage to suggest that the visual effect was the minor partner. Yet the word "theatre" is formed from a verb which means "to gaze at" and though it is true that Attic dramatists inherited from epic recitation and lyric performance an audience which could use its lively imagination "to visualize whatever scenes the poetry depicted", it was the spectacle which made drama an entirely new experience. Two-thirds of Homer is direct speech, and a skilled rhapsode could move the audience by his assumption of the voices of Agamemnon and Achilles as they quarrelled in the opening scene of the *Iliad*. But the tragic poet gave his audience Agamemnon and Achilles in person, to be seen as well as heard. The rhapsode could render their voice but the dramatist brought them on stage to be seen as well as heard, to move as well as to speak.

And those movements, restricted as they were when compared to the often frenzied mobility of the modern actor, could be used, as Oliver Taplin has demonstrated in magisterial fashion, to produce emotional effects which, sometimes almost subliminal, sometimes direct and unmistakable, were a basic constituent of the dramatist's art. Stanford deals effectively with costume, stage properties, mask and gesture, but has little to say about

movement, about exits and entrances. He suggests that the "disruption caused in the theatre" by the opening scenes of the *Eumenides* may have caused Sophocles and Euripides to feel "that *ekplexis* can be hostile to the tragic emotions" and discouraged resort to visual shock tactics in the theatre. But the play hardly bears this out. The appearance of Is and Lyssa in the *Heracles* is a comparable case of *deidre* and, unlike the entry of the Furies, is a complete surprise, no preparation has been made. Tragedy is full of strong visual effects: blind Oedipus, blood dripping from the eyeholes in his mask, stumbling around at the choral dancers try to avoid his touch; Agamemnon collecting the torn remnants of Pentheus' robe to reconstitute it for burial; Orestes giving Electra Agamemnon's head to insult; Hector being laid out on Hector's shield, and in Sophocles' *Oedipus at Colonus* the old blind beggar who has been blind everywhere like a child suddenly going to Thebes with unflinching steps to the place where he will die. Stanford quotes Aristotle's reiterated assertion "that the power and pleasure of a tragedy can be enjoyed simply by reading it (alone) for oneself but this statement suggests strongly that Aristotle was not a regular theatre-goer."

Two more chapters discuss "emotionalism through vocabulary and stylistic figures" and through "subject matter, imagery, irony and structure". There is much of interest here (Stanford was a pioneer in the study of aspects of "emotionalism" in Greek poetry) but at times the reader begins to wonder if these aspects of "emotionalism" are not perhaps too intellectual and literary to be discussed in the same breath with the aural and visual elements which have a direct impact on the audience's feelings. However, in the detailed analysis of *Agamemnon* which follows, Stanford goes far towards justifying his inclusion of this is a perceptive, dramatic reading of the play which applies to the action the brilliant Stanford has established in the preceding chapters. It remains only to add that a carefully selected bibliography and four well-organized indexes (including one of passages quoted) make this Stanford modestly defines as an introductory study into a very useful and an area of scholarship which has remained so far now virtually unexplored.

AUTHOR, AUTHOR

Competition No 198

Readers are invited to identify the sources of the three quotations which follow and to send us the answers so that they reach this office not later than September 14. A prize of £20 is offered for the first correct set of answers opened on that date, or falling that the most nearly correct – in which case inspired guesses will also be taken into consideration. Entries, marked "Author, Author 198" on the envelope, should be addressed to the Editor, *The Times Literary Supplement*, Priory House, St John's Lane, London EC1M 4BX. The solution and results will appear on September 21.

1 What was lying on the table that this story goes, very grey in the voice and with a very tiny like Ilsa, was pouring the old moloko from a milk-bottle into saucers and then jelling these saucers down on the floor so you could tell there were plenty of mewing kots and koshks writing about down there.

2 She is my best preserved wholewife, sowed her as herself: in Egan's eye, with incomparably the shrewdest, shrewder outside chinlins. They are jolly jolly speakin' study: May we not recommend them? It was my prophesy from my prence serving.

3 "Who else is here?" "Block. Spel his assistant soon loon. Mawt the gone duck with his crab bag." "And?" "The Cardinal Act." "Has come to offer his Saband brood is the kin of the Shute." "If he don't have a piece of it out... for his brood."

Competition No 184

Winner: Gavin Ewart

Answers:

1 One Whitsun holiday, when I was an art student in London, I got on my bicycle and left my room in Crom's Hill for my uncle's vicarage in Surrey.
Denton Welch, *A Voice Through a Cloud*, opening.

2 He only thinks of making life sane and healthy, and freeing the soul from the trammels of culture. Aristaeus to him now a melody. And the Princess Maleine an absurdity of his youth. He rears his hope of humanity on the Blegie.
Oscar Wilde, letter to Robert Ross, July 1898 (on Masterlink).

3 Have seen the red bicycle leaning on porches and the cancelling out was complete.
W. H. Auden, *The Orators*.

S. S. Prawer's review in last week's *TLS* (page 926) should have concluded: "variety and possibilities Valerie Shaw has well described in what remains – when all reservations have been made – a lucid, intelligent and useful book."

Christoph von Fürer-Haimendorf

JANET RIZVI
Ladakh: Crossroads of High Asia
224pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0195615069

It is one of the ironies of our time that Tibetan culture, the product of one of the great civilizations of Asia, survives and flourishes today only outside the country of its origin. Ladakh, sometimes referred to as "Little Tibet", attracts thousands of tourists, not so much on account of its picturesque setting among the jagged peaks of the western Himalayas, but because the harsh desert landscape of the periphery of India provides a safe refuge for the traditional Tibetan way of life, preserved by Buddhist communities inhabiting magnificent monasteries built on the crest of hills amidst a scenery of stunning beauty. Though the indigenous population is largely Tibetan in language and culture, Ladakh has never formed part of the Tibetan kingdom which in the seventh century was united by Song-tsen-Gampo and from the fifteenth century onwards was ruled by a succession of Dnial Lamas, priest-kings revered as reincarnations of the Bodhisattva Avalokitesvara. In the seventeenth century Ladakh had to acknowledge the suzerainty of the Mughal empire and today it is an integral part of the Republic of India.

The fact that Ladakh had always been independent of Tibet deprived Communist China of any pretext to extend its domination over a Himalayan region which, though belonging to the Tibetan cultural sphere, had never had political ties with the state ruled by the Dalai Lama or any of the early Tibetan dynasties. Thus Ladakh was luckily saved from the cataclysm which in the 1950s and 60s destroyed throughout Tibet virtually the entire structure of Buddhist life and with it the great majority of Tibetan architectural monuments. Whereas only a small percentage of Tibetan monasteries escaped the systematic Chinese bombing raids and the sacking by fanatical exponents of the Cultural Revolution, in Ladakh monastic life continued to run its tranquil course, and the libraries of major monasteries contain many of the scriptures which in Tibet fell victim to the anti-religious zeal of the Chinese occupying forces.

In describing the present situation in Ladakh Janet Rizvi mentions that the severance of the ancient cultural and religious relationship with Tibet, and indeed "the eclipse of the old religion there, has dealt Ladakh Buddhism in general and the *gompas* (monasteries) in particular, a blow from which in the long run they may not recover". She points out that the institutional base which existed in Lhasa for the training of monks from lands beyond the political frontiers of Tibet has been destroyed, and that standards of learning in Ladakh's *gompas* have declined. This assessment is perhaps too pessimistic, for Tibetan Buddhism, has evinced an admirable resilience even in exile, and the efflorescence of newly founded monastic institutions in Nepal demonstrates its ability to survive in circumstances of adversity. Thus in Kathmandu alone six monasteries, representing different sects of Tibetan Buddhism have been built in the past twenty years, and numerous reincarnate lamas are attracting

scores of novices. Indeed in modification of her own gloomy prediction the author suggests the possibility of "a revival of Buddhism in Ladakh on the basis of indigenous talent, independent of Tibetan authority".

Ladakh's Buddhist heritage, which includes an intriguing variety of different styles of painting, is undoubtedly the principal attraction to scholars and travellers alike, but Rizvi does not confine herself to the analysis of this central theme. Long residence in Leh has enabled her to give a comprehensive account of the contemporary scene, and some readers may find her observations of present-day developments of greater interest than the geographical and historical chapters, which summarize in considerable detail the existing literature on the region without introducing any controversial arguments. A brief factual account of the activities of the Indian administration intent on improving the Ladakhis' health, education and living standards, is followed by a discussion of

the advantages and disadvantages of opening the region to foreign tourists.

While the previous trading links with Tibet were severed in 1959 following the Chinese occupation of that country, India lifted in 1974 the long-standing ban on the entry of foreigners into Ladakh. Subsequently the rapid improvement of road communications, and more recently the establishment of scheduled flights from Srinagar to Leh led to a steady increase in the number of tourists from Western countries. As a staging-post and entrepot on the caravan route which had linked India with Yarkand and other trading centres of Central Asia, Ladakh had been used to the comings and goings of travellers and merchants from many neighbouring countries. But the tourists now flocking there are of a very different kind. Coming from an unfamiliar world they are the vanguard of a new economic order in which harem is replaced by cash-transactions, and this may well pose a threat to existing values. The Ladakhis, who have little surplus of marketable commodities, have begun to sell their services as an "invisible export", and employment has been created in a whole range of tourist-related services. The author is disturbed by the inevitable commercialization of values among a people whose relationships with each other used to be based on motives other than the quest for material gain. There are already signs that economic growth is not necessarily followed by an improvement of the quality of life in terms of self-sufficiency and contentment of the ordinary people in the villages and even the capital Leh, where the traditional culture is being debased.

While this unpretentious volume does not claim to add materially to the information contained in the writings of scholars such as A. H. Francke, D. Snellgrove, L. Petech and P. Knipian, it can be recommended as a useful introduction to travellers unfamiliar with Ladakh or any other part of the Buddhist Himalayas. The final sections are deliberately written in the style of a guide-book, containing descriptions of the major monasteries and tendering advice on travel arrangements, accommodation and equipment required by prospective trekkers. If in addition to providing such useful hints the book will impress on visitors to Ladakh that they stand face to face with living remnants of one of the great historic civilizations of Asia, it will have served its purpose.



A nineteenth-century Persian mirror-case, with portraits, reproduced from Lacquer: An international history and collector's guide, edited by Jonathan Baume (256pp. Marlborough: The Crowood Press, in association with Phoebe Phillips Editions. £35. 0946284 43 8). The book contains contributions from several hands on China, Korea, Japan, the Ryukyu Islands, South-east Asia, the Near East, the Middle East and India, Europe and Russia and the United States.

The kingdoms come and go

Hugh Tinker

S.V. DESIKA CHAR
Headings in the Constitutional History of India
1757-1947
789pp. Oxford University Press. £29.
0195612647

R. SETHI
Indian Nationalism: An historical analysis
471pp. Delhi: Vikas.
0706921062

D. P. SINGHAL
A History of the Indian People
481pp. Methuen. £19.95.
041346730X

A. L. BASHAM (Editor)
A Cultural History of India
585pp. Oxford University Press. £15.50.
0195615204

Here are four big books on four big subjects: or four aspects of the same big subject: the origins and development of the nation states of the Indian sub-continent. Each simplifies existing knowledge rather than opening up a new historical dimension.

Desika Char, formerly Director of Karnataka State Archives, has undertaken the difficult task of producing a collection of documents covering political and constitutional development in India throughout the whole British period. The selection is well balanced, giving appropriate coverage to each successive phase. The hundred years from Plassey to the Sanyo Revolt are treated in 200-odd pages.

The next sixty years, leading to the August Declaration of 1917, get sixty-odd pages, and the final thirty years, culminating in partition and independence, rate about 250 pages. Most of the documents chosen are public statements - speeches, reports, constitutional proposals, etc - and all have previously appeared in print. There is nothing here that will be new to those already familiar with the subject; none the less this volume does cover a range of material previously separately treated by Ramay Muir (1915) for the period 1756-1858 and by C. H. Philips (1962) for the years of 1858-1947, and largely replaces those works. Char maintains a neutral stance even when dealing with subjects of controversy. His sixty pages of editorial introduction provide a dispassionate outline of the period and he ends with meticulous references to sources and a very brief "Who's Who" of the main actors in the 200 years surveyed. This will provide a valuable aid to all but the most advanced students.

R. Sethi, in *Indian Nationalism*, has performed a similar feat of condensation. He approaches his subject within a systematic framework which is not less impressive because unobtrusive. He explains the many explanations of the evolution of the national movement propounded over the past hundred years which find a common denominator in the emergence of an new political "class" whose fundamental feature was opposition to foreign colonial rule. The work takes account of the many monographs which have appeared in recent years and assimilates them into a coherent, integrated whole. Many will assess this study overall by its handling of the last critical decade, 1937-1947, when the whole

thrust of India's political advance was shifted from a federal solution for the sectional and separatist elements in the sub-continent into acceptance of an arbitrary division between Muslim-majority and Hindu-majority nation-states. Dr Sethi's analysis sees this not as the long-term consequence of "Two Nations" coming to birth but rather as the result of the party political pressures operating in the 1940s alongside the unexpected quickening of the pace of British withdrawal. In his view, the change in Congress's attitude towards partition, from absolute opposition to reluctant acquiescence, involved a complete volte-face.

Throughout this study of involved, often seemingly contradictory events (especially in the last years before partition) the author remains soberly detached from the emotion and taste for controversy which has sometimes affected other writers, even the most distinguished. As a reliable account of the Indian national movement in its different manifestations and contrasted phases it would be difficult to better this version, especially as regards the final decade.

And so to the most far-ranging of these encyclopedic works: the massive survey of history from the dawn of Indian civilization up to the present day by Damodar Singh, Professor of History in the University of Queensland. Singh may be said to have prepared himself for this task when he produced his two-volume study, *India and World Civilization*, which also spanned the ages. In this book there is considerable emphasis upon the ages before the advent of Western dominance and also on the years since the British departed. Out of 455 pages of text, just over one-third is allotted to

the colonial period. The stress laid upon the autonomous civilization of the sub-continent is deliberate. By calling his book *A History of the Indian People* the author discloses his intention of giving due weight to the continuing life and culture of the peoples of India which have survived the rise and fall of kingdoms and empires. In his account of the political superstructure Singh does not depart very much from previous versions, but in describing the social infrastructure he brings the Indian scene to life. The chapters devoted to the themes of social life, the religions and cults, and aspects of the arts and sciences are, in fact, most attractive. Singh's approach differs from that of Desika Char, for he is quite prepared to advance his own ideas and interpretations. This helps to enliven what is necessarily an exhaustive tome. Rather than try to read straight through, the reader will gain more by skimming and selecting from the ample contents of this volume, where much is familiar but much is also fresh, or freshly presented.

A Cultural History of India is a new Indian edition of a massive compendium produced by a successor to the Oxford *Legacy of India* (1937). The contributions of thirty authors are grouped in four parts entitled the Ancient Heritage, the Age of Muslim Dominance, the Coming of the West, India and the World Outside. What we are offered is *Enlightenment* (Kedgera), a madley of facts and impressions which represent Indology at its learned best and at times at its most pedantically obscure. To dip into these papers, many of them, will prove stimulating. Who will want to wade through the whole? Only the most voracious scholar after arcane knowledge.

Prince in a wide brown land

Michael Wood

THOMAS KENEALLY
A Cut-Rate Kingdom
270pp. Allen Lane. £8.95.
0713916478

The year is 1942. Singapore has fallen, the Japanese have bombed the Australian mainland and are threatening to take Papua and New Guinea. Conscription, that old bugbear of Australian politics, bores in the air, and minds are full of memories of a previous war in which Australian soldiers died at Gallipoli for a cause they could scarcely feel was theirs. Australia, in the view of Keneally's narrator, is a marginal realm which has so suddenly been shifted to centre-stage that no one quite credits the text or the theatre.

It was hard to believe in the national emergency, in the spectacular Asian advance. And you couldn't keep from hanging on to the idea that a country which could absorb all the noise of our dismay and leave no trace could absorb an invader just as well. There is more than one invader, though, in this "gargling, vacant continent". There are the English, departing lords of the past, more than half aware that Asia has been transformed, "diffuse... abrogated", and "gin and mufins... driven from that latitude"; and there are the Americans, masters of the timetable and public relations, on whose empire the sun is busy rising. The novel is not a *roman-a-clef*.

The littoral truth

Jim Crace

ROBERT DREWE
The Bodysurfers
165pp. Faber. Paperback, £2.95.
0571433894

Robert Drewe's *The Bodysurfers* should carry a subtitle, "The Lang Family Saga", to alert its readers to the tenuous, teasingly gratuitous threads which alleviate the volume from a collection of short stories into a "sequence". It would be easy to overlook the recurrence of locations and characters, the frequent appearances of the Lang surname, the ubiquity of the careworn coher with a mid-wife crisis, and read these twelve pieces only as self-contained fictions. To note that the teenage Max Lang who narrates the opening story, "The Manageress and the Miraga", is the same Max who makes a brief entry as an adulterous fashion photographer in "After Noumea", and that the perennially disenchanted David Lang appears either centrally or peripherally in six of the pieces, is not to identify the pattern in a jigsaw but merely to register the playfulness of Drewe's narrative strategy. It is a sense of fun, rather than a sense of design which momentarily places Anne Lang, Max and David's sister, under the gaze of the voyeuristic narrator in "This View from the Sandhills". Her guest

Keneally says, his Australian public figures are not meant to "reflect the character and private life" of historical individuals. But he will forgive us. I imagine, if we see in his American commander, one Donald McLeod, subtly manipulating despatches, inflating statistics, surprising even his enemies by sudden bursts of simplicity, more than a faint shadow of General Douglas MacArthur.

Keneally is fond of straightforward characters who come across unwanted complexity, who seek to maintain the virtues of an older time in a newly muddled world, and this is the story woven into the historical fabric of *The Cut-Rate Kingdom*. John Mulhall, wartime prime minister of Australia, trying to save his country without betraying his socialist, anti-conscription past, to keep the Japanese off his continent without plunging himself too deep in America's war, meets and has an affair with the wife of one of his generals. He is awkward and shy, has a dodgy heart condition and a wife in South Australia who won't come to Canberra and play first lady. The general's wife is beautiful, eccentric, slightly aggressive, and loyal in her way to the husband she doesn't love. "Even in a cut-rate kingdom the myths of kingship are fulfilled and Johnny had set up, in his oblique, wall-eyed manner, a fair model of the king-general's wife fable." The affair finally founders on politics, on the mountain of compromises that go with power even in the most expensive kingdom. The general's wife can't bear what she thinks power is doing to Mulhall,

whom she loves; Mulhall has made only honourable decisions, yet sees his options dwindling, hears his voice going mean. In an interesting parody of this sad process, the general himself loses his command because he is keener on dignity and on what he feels is owed to him than he is on success. Not a politician, in other words, and his stiff-necked pride is to be seen, perhaps, as the less engaging face of his wife's angry principles. Australia is freed of the Japanese threat as Mulhall, unhappily, unwillingly, is freed of the general's wife.

The novel, published in Australia in 1980, two years before the appearance of *Schindler's Ark*, is sharply written - "His right hand fluttered on the upper leg of his trousers, as if in memory of some piano phrase, more Chopin than ragtime" - and its scenery is wryly observed, through the eyes and narrative voice of Paperboy Tyson, a crippled Gallipoli veteran, now a journalist and personal friend of Mulhall. He lives in Parliament House, "an oo-the-premises symbol of the ambiguities of helping and trusting any creatures of the northern hemisphere". Tyson would like to be hard-boiled but is really a softie, and his perspective gives the book its worried look. Is Tyson only a watcher, a man who has chosen the margins of life? Is Australia a watcher, a spectator whom history has somehow mistaken for an actor?

The questions can't be answered, merely tussled with, and in any case watchers get hurt along with the rest. Tyson is caught up in Mulhall's life, public and private, just as

Mulhall and Australia are caught up in the Allies' needs. This is one of the suggestions of Tyson's (and by extension Keneally's) constant recourse to regal metaphors like the one in the novel's title. The Australians in the hook are not royalists or nostalgics, and a previous prime minister is mocked for his clinging to old England: "the wide brown land was, in the atlas of his emotions, still moored somewhere off Beachy Head". Yet Tyson can't speak of Canberra without palpable scorn ("What can you say of a city like this? Kings are not buried here... its name has the sound of, say, a disease of the joints") and he can't resist the vocabulary of kingship. Mulhall is a "monarch", a "prince", his tenure of government is a "court"; he lopes up to make a speech "wearing a sort of Richard II grin, the rictus of a weak king".

Tyson is miming that feeling of secondariness which baunts all old colonies for longer than anyone would wish; that sense that the play originates elsewhere. "We're a race of bloody servants", a character says. "We're a race of... of bloody ostlers, that's what we are." And then later, more shrewdly, "Honest, it sometimes looks to me... that we couldn't do without someone to prove to us that we don't count." This thoughtful and kindly novel is about the cost of power, but it is also about the price of other people's troubles, which cannot sensibly either be espoused or denied. No man is an island, but it is at times possible not to know for whom the bell tolls.

"Looking for Mallbu". "An American vanishes, he could be living in New Mexico, Arizona, Colorado, the mountains, the desert, anywhere. Not an Australian - he goes up the coast or down the coast and thinks he's vanished without trace." The oceanic shoreline of *The Bodysurfers*, then, is a refuge, the loneliest, most cheerless stretch of Australia.

At their best, Drewe's beachscapes are ingeniously contrived, refusing to yield up their themes until (if at all) the very last paragraph. Most memorable is the luxuriantly sexy "Baby OIP", in which the self-anointed couple (a much-travelled Max Lang and resourceful Anthea) "slide together" like a pair of besotted lug-worms, "undulating like an ocean swell,

rolling and curving towards shore". And Drewe's "company report" on the sudden death of the P & M Managing Director Rex Lang during a visit to the spartan island of Sweetlip stoically resists both the temptation to explain the death and to overload the mystery by imposing metaphorical baggage on a delicate tale, "too frail for the surf".

Elsewhere Drewe's plotting is less reticent and good stories - "The Silver Medalist", for example - are marred by endings which are neither neat nor deserved. *The Bodysurfers* remains, however, a remarkably seductive and exuberant collection which manages, in its portrayal of human relationships, to be both mordant in tone and playful in manner.

Paperbacks in brief

JOYCE CAROL OATES. *Wild Saurday*. 184pp. Everyman. £2.95. 046002261 X. □ The young people in these accomplished stories are nearly all doped and deranged, or just fundamentally disturbed; Joyce Carol Oates's achievement in this collection is to present a generation out of tune with the conditions of ordinary life. What they lack most conspicuously is the ability to find amusement of any kind in themselves and their predicaments; fortunately this falling doesn't extend to the author, whose observations are precise and ironic.

RANDOLPH STOW. *Tourmaline*. 174pp. Penguin. £2.50. 014007032 X. □ Tourmaline is a parched town in Western Australia, whose few eccentric inhabitants go about their activities in a condition of lassitude. A certain amount of disruption follows the arrival of an enigmatic individual who sets himself up as a water diviner, before the town gives itself up completely to heat and dust. Between the pungent atmosphere, and the elegiac tone, Randolph Stow makes of this a highly-charged piece of writing.

Patricia Craig

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What the doctor really thought

Christopher Hogwood

KERRY S. GRANT
Dr Burney as Critic and Historian of Music
381pp. UMI Research Press, distributed by
Bowker, £50.90,
08357 1375 X

When Fanny Burney published her *Memoirs of Dr Burney* in 1832, eighteen years after her father's death, she bequeathed a record of him which was bowdlerized, idealized and written from a standpoint that attached little importance to Burney's career as a musician, music teacher and music historian. It was not until 1965 that the record of Burney's life was put straight, with the publication of Roger Lonsdale's *Dr Charles Burney: A literary biography*, an account which restored to Burney's character some of the complexities and contradictions which Fanny had suppressed. This new book attempts a similar process of restoration for Burney's writings on music.

Just as the biographer of Burney is faced with Fanny's resolute obstruction, so is the present-day musicologist. When she received her father's abundant papers after his death, her instinct was to preserve only those which in her judgment reflected well on him. It was an instinct which committed much valuable documentation to the fire or to her own obliterating pen. Burney's twelve-volume manuscript autobiography, on which Fanny's *Memoirs* were based, is lost to modern readers; the meticulous record of his life which Burney maintained from day to day now exists only in fragments (in three manuscript collections in London, Yale and New York). The letters fared no better: "These have been finally examined, useful or peculiar memorandums extracted and the rest have been destroyed."

Whatever we might think of Fanny's precipitate actions, they were condoned by the biographers of her age and approved in her father's own words: "What right can men have to the possessions of others, without their con-

sent?" Private opinions should not become the matter of public comment: "And it is most certain, that there is no man, however candid and prudent, whose private opinion and conversations would not give pain to and draw on the resentment of persons whom he would be sorry to offend." Ironically it is because Burney herself so fully exemplified this apin during his lifetime that the need for a posthumous retrospective of his published works, in the light of what he wrote in private, is so great. There are even grounds for believing that it may have been from a sense of responsibility towards the source material for his *History* that Burney kept a private record of what he felt unable to say in public. The manuscript memoirs were, in his own words, "drawn up with too much sincerity and integrity to appear during the author's lifetime." In his dealings with others, Burney was tactful and conciliatory; he found it easier to dissemble than to offend. Although as a critic writing under the cloak of anonymity he could be as biting as any, the writings published under his own name reveal a different stamp. As he wrote to the great violinist Barthelmon prior to the publication of *A General History of Music* (1789), "the less I discuss the merit of the living the less likely I shall be to give offence."

Such reticence in a historian is not culpable; but Burney's rival, Sir John Hawkins, is at least as good a historian, and the value of Burney's work today does not rest on his achievements as a musicologist. This was realized early on: one anonymous writer (possibly William Ayrton, a friend of Burney's) wrote in the year when Fanny published the *Memoirs*: "Dr Burney marched with the age and produced a book which carried its own welcome with it." It is this conformity with the spirit of his times that gives Burney a writings their value today. As a musician, he wrote from within the profession; his criticism reflected his milieu and was invested with a strength of opinion almost entirely lacking in the antiquarian spirit of Hawkins. But it

must be remembered that his opinions, however much they seem to reflect those of his circle, were his own and sometimes idiosyncratic; and that the critical assumptions of the late eighteenth century do not present an unbiased perspective on music written earlier in the century.

This book sets both these problems firmly in context. Its main resource is the fragmentary remains of Burney's manuscript memoirs, and by juxtaposing Burney's published opinions with his unpublished ones, the book succeeds in clarifying not only Burney's own opinions but also the generalized assumptions of his contemporaries. When considering Burney's treatment of pre-eighteenth-century music in the *History*, Kerry S. Grant adduces manuscript material which tends to confirm what Burney himself allowed to be published; there was no risk of causing offence within his immediate audience and he expressed his preferences without dissembling. His distaste for early seventeenth-century English music, for example, which comes through clearly enough in Book III of the *History*, is corroborated by some amusing doggerel:

The renowned Laves
You will find has his flaws
For his Treble's Psalmodic
& Base immodest.
While William's too rude
To be patiently chewed;
But since knock'd on the head
There's no more to be said

His opinion of Purcell, in contrast, is high and appears so in the *History*. But in a letter of November 1783 to Thomas Twining, the clergyman and classical scholar who assisted him with the *History*, there is a rapture of discovery which fails to shine through the measured style of his published work: "Are you much acquainted with Purcell? If you are not, for heaven's sake! get every note you possibly can of his, *curled and uncurled* - why 'tis another Haydn... he frequently *shivers* me; makes my hair creep and gives me sensations

beyond those of the utmost elegance and refinement." It is good to know that behind the polish of the *History* lies such a powerfully instinctive response to music.

But there is a value over and above that of corroboration in the unpublished sources which Grant draws on for this book. They enable an accurate assessment to be made of Burney's real thoughts about living composers whose music left something, by his tastes and standards, to be desired. The arguable and composer John Worgan was one such. Burney's contemporaries might have detected a certain irony in the threefold repetition of the adjectives "learned and masterly" in one single paragraph (Grant, incidentally, does not), but there is certainly no open derogation of the musician. A letter of 1782 is far more revealing: "did you ever discover real Genius in W—'s compositions?... I own I never did." After Worgan's death, Burney felt free to make his opinions public, and the article in the *Cyclopaedia* (a source which Grant does much to rehabilitate) reveals a far more honest and open assessment: his songs, for example, which were merely said in the *History* to be "innumerable", have in the later article a more "attractive grace, or pleasing cast of melody".

Worgan, though prolific, was a minor composer: the man whose music Burney felt was ambivalent about, throughout his life, was Handel. In the last two chapters of this book, Grant charts the fascinating process of doubt, hesitation, revision and compromise which preceded Burney's accounts of Handel in print. The greatest difficulties were caused with the *Account of the 1784 Commemoration of Handel* (published in 1785). It was a project which had the full support of the King, who insisted on seeing Burney's pages as they proceeded from his pen. It was not that Burney did not admire Handel - he was "great, masterly, full, and flowing", unrivalled, Burney thought, in the breadth of harmonic resources and orchestration he used. The problem was simply that Burney's heart was not with Handel, but with the newer Neapolitan style, and particularly with its "melodies, always agreeable, expressive, and natural, accompanied by a harmony pure, touching and majestic". Against this touchstone of urbanity, Handel showed a "want of Delicacy" in his melodies; he was guilty of "crowding a score"; "almost all his songs seem sententious".

These were feelings that Burney felt he could never publicly say. Not only the King, but also a large part of his audience, venerated Handel; he could not risk alienating his patrons and isolating himself from his circle. It was only in his manuscript that Burney could confess, tucked away at the bottom of a page: "I do not say what I have long thought. That it is a reverence for old authors and bigotry to the del, that has prevented us from keeping pace with the rest of Europe in the cultivation of Music." With this kind of invaluable comment on between published and unpublished sources, Burney's own views emerge from Grant's study differentiated from those of his contemporaries and clarified in themselves.

It would need another book altogether to clarify eighteenth-century musical aesthetics, though in his first three chapters Grant attempts to give Burney's critical vocabulary some context. It is, as he rightly comments, descriptive rather than technical. Although Burney's opinions are clear enough, particularly in the sense that he ranks composers, his writing "does not necessarily transmit a clear idea of the musical substance which was responsible for his decisions". The critical touchstone was "taste" - not a term with much room for the prescriptive definition. Grant approaches Burney's meaning by examining a few key words, specifying their late-eighteenth-century signification and assessing their due weight in Burney's lexicon. It is a good method and one that should be taken up in a more general consideration of eighteenth-century aesthetics, outside the scope of this study. By tracing the development of Burney's thought throughout his life, Grant provides a framework within which the source material for modern readers and performers of Burney's oeuvre can be discriminated and more effectively used. As an introduction to Burney's book is clear and informative; as a commentary for present-day use it is invaluable.

The D'Oyly Carte dude

R. T. Shannon

ARTHUR JACOBS
Arthur Sullivan: A Victorian musician
470pp. Oxford University Press, £17.50,
0193154439

The Sullivan story is well known. How the charming, talented Irish Mendelssohn scholar at Leipzig trained to be a great, serious composer. How, at the critical time, he fell into the wrong company: first (in 1866) Francis Burdard of *Punch* and Cox and Box; then that "Swift of the suburbs", W. S. Gilbert, with his *Thespis* in 1871, *Trial by Jury* in 1875 and then - the honeytrap! - *Pinafore* in 1878. How he, Sullivan, tried intermittently to extricate and redeem himself and fulfil his true vocation. How, against all the odds of popular fame, wealth and the most glittering social calendar any composer has bravely sustained, he created sacred and serious works. But how, in the end, he got stuck with the wrong reputation. "My sacred music is that on which I base my reputation as a composer", he insisted in vain. Nothing has been done up till now to get him unstuck. He stands now, with us, hopelessly in the company of the two contemporary writers for the popular musical theatre whose acquaintance he seems assiduously and successfully to have avoided in his lifetime, Offenbach and the younger Johann Strauss. Lines from his overwhelmingly successful setting of the Adelaide Procter verses suggest themselves with an irresistible agency compounded of their phony solemnity and the appropriately comical topsy-turvydom of a Gilbert libretto: "I have sought, but I seek it vainly, / That one lost chord divine."

Can Arthur Jacobs get Sullivan unstuck? Are there convincing arguments which can release him from Gilbert's spell and restore him to his conceivably rightful place along with Mendelssohn and Schumann? Mr Jacobs is armed with all the requisite materials. He has had access to the copious Sullivan diaries, housed in the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, and the Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library, Yale, and now available for consultation for the first time. His references, appendices, and *apparatus criticus* indicate that he has done his work conscientiously and exhaustively. We may be sure that little if anything remains to be discovered about Sullivan. This book is big, comprehensive, learned (though the musically illiterate will be relieved at the entire absence of quoted music in the text), with a highly readable mix of the musical and the biographical elements. Above all, it is informed throughout with just about the right note of judicious sympathy. If anyone can do the trick, it is Jacobs. And surely this is, musically speaking, the optimum moment! Never before in the history of music are so many dimmed reputations being refurbished. Never before has the musical past seemed by general consent to be so decidedly preferable to the musical present. Nor is the Victorian era missing out on the benefits thereby accruing. We publish learned literary journals called *Victorian Studies*. We admire Victorian architecture and Victorian city planning. We even emulate Victorian political economy. Could the Victorians have been so wrong to discern such high promise and hope in Arthur Sullivan? And could they have been so right in condemning him for wasting his genius in unworthy musical frivolity?

Jacobs does well to remind us how widely Sullivan was billed in his up-and-coming days in the 1860s as the man who might well fill the slot ready and waiting for "the long-expended English Beethoven". Sullivan himself would never have made so bold; but he certainly set himself as the embodiment of England's claims to be more a first-class musical power. He overshadowed the Sterndale Bennetts and the Balfors. He admired Mendelssohn and Schumann from what he considered a distinct point of superior vantage. He patronized Brahms and his symphonies out of his Leeds Festival programmes (the Third he judged "entirely lacking in spontaneity and full of clever scholastic padding"). Throughout his book Jacobs exults at Sullivan's coolness to Dvořák, Gounod, and Saint-Saëns. Sullivan treated Hans Richter, who ran the rival Birmingham

Festival as well as a rival London concert season, with undisguised and unrelieved hostility. He thought Wagner got it right with *Meistersinger* but was otherwise greatly overrated. His conclusion, on finally getting to the Ring at Bayreuth in 1897, was: "It is difficult to know how Wagner could have got up any enthusiasm or interest in such a lying, thieving, blackguardly set of low creatures as all the characters in his opera prove themselves to be." As for the Italians: "Their school is dead from its own inherent defects." So much for Verdi. "Of Russian composers", Jacobs records of Sullivan's visit to St Petersburg, "Sullivan reported nothing." That was very much par for Sir Arthur's course.

Sullivan himself would have put his claims in some such terms as these: although not strong on the purely orchestral and instrumental side (he never published his one performed sym-



phony and let both his cello concerto and his string quartet drop out of sight), he had created the maturely developed form of the English genre of music drama (or *opéra de concert*) in *The Golden Legend* of 1886; and he had established the English grand opera with *Ivanhoe* in 1891. In support of these capital items Sullivan could cite a respectable mass of lesser works: services and anthems, hymn settings ("Onward, Christian Soldiers"), dramatic cantatas, oratorios, odes, marches, overtures, Shakespeare settings, ballets, innumerable songs. And there was his work at Leeds, his London concerts, and his administrative chores. And doubtless he might have done more and greater (he lived as long as Beethoven), had not his career been so sadly twisted out of its true path. As early as 1878, with *Pinafore*, the London *Figaro* had warned of "a sense of disappointment at the downward course that Sullivan appears to be drifting into..." [He] has all the ability to make him a great composer, but he wilfully throws his opportunity away. A giant may play at times, but Mr Sullivan is always playing."

Pretty well everything that can be said for Sullivan Jacobs says. But in the end the result is that he cannot get Sullivan unstuck. Jacobs does his best by way of sympathetic discretion on Sullivan's behalf on the private side. The diaries disclose a bachelor life of assiduous womanizing. The love of his life was the American, Mrs. Fanny Ross, whose celebrated renditions of "The Lost Chord" would bring - so he swore - the Prince of Wales from any part of his future dominions. (Mrs Ross played the New York social game, adroitly; she gave a magnificent ball. "Twenty years after, Leonard Jerome asked August Belmont whether he remembered that ball. 'Indeed I ought to,' said Belmont, 'I paid for it.'") All this is recorded scrupulously, and without undue fuss. But clearly Jacobs is disconcerted by Sullivan's relentless philistinism. This is not so much a matter of regretting his entire lack of interest in the social and intellectual stirrings of his time. Jacobs makes a brave effort to set the Victorian scene (making rather heavy weather of the near-coincidence of the births of Sullivan and Churchill, and a glancing reference to the still deeply rooted in the old ways; still virtually

deploring Sullivan's truly gargantuan appetite for high and handsome living, royalties (of both sorts), racing, gambling (he was compulsive and obsessive at this), clubs, food, drink, smart hotels (nothing recommended Richard D'Oyly Carte so warmly to Sullivan as his establishment of the Savoy Hotel as the last word in conspicuous luxury), and foreign travel on a princely scale.

The unforgivable thing about Sullivan was that he was not only jealous of and ungenerous to contemporary musicians he discerned as rivals (which included just about everybody other than the venerable Abbé Liszt), but that his critical comments about the music of his time were couched in terms appropriate to the intellectual level of the Mendlborough House set of which he was so conspicuous an ornament. His judgement on the Ring already quoted is a characteristic case in point; and his comment on the Good Friday music from *Parafal* - "hideous - four bars of beauty towards the end, but the whole confused, harmonies forced, restless and unnatural" - seems somehow to take its point from having been recorded amid the plush promenades of Carlshad. Again: "Performance of *Waltire*. (House party, Lady de Grey, Emily Yznaga, A. J. Balfour etc., Prince and Princess of Wales). Very pleasant party - good lunch. Back at 3.15. Unfortunately fell asleep and didn't wake till 5, and so missed first act..." What Cyril Connolly called a *café de grand luxe* reeks through this book. It dismisses Jacobs. Sullivan indeed was "always playing". The point was his play required underpinning by the sort of income only available to him from musical comedy.

Sullivan was fundamentally in the wrong on two major counts. He was a hypocrite to complain that Gilbert kept him against his will from fulfilling his true vocation. Gilbert did not force the high life and the smart set upon Sullivan. Jacobs does not say these hard things in so many words, but he supplies all the requisite implication. What he does say, however, in so many words, is that Sullivan was quite wrong to see *Pinafore*, *The Pirates*, *Pautience*, *Iolanthe*, *Princess Ida*, *The Mikado*, *Randigore*, *The Yeoman of the Guard* and *The Gondoliers* as constituting a body of work which he would have replaced, left to himself, with something superior. Jacobs's judicious but damning verdict is that there are no grounds for supposing that Sullivan had it in him to be a "giant". On the contrary, he is quite clear that Gilbert's libretti provided Sullivan with precisely the right kind of challenges at precisely the right

level. Bereft of Gilbert, Sullivan was artistically at a loss.

It was Sullivan's fate to be a composer as well as a social man of beguiling charm. His high flights were, and remain, pretentious and empty. *The Golden Legend* has not held its place in the English repertoire. Not one major choral series has included it in the last thirty years. Ethel Smyth recalled being presented with the full score by Sullivan, who said "I think this is the best thing I've done, don't you?" Truth compelled her to respond that she thought *The Mikado* was his masterpiece. "O, you wretch!" he cried out. "But though he laughed I could see he was disappointed." *Ivanhoe* is equally irretrievable, save as a cultural curiosity. If Bernard Shaw could find Sullivan's operettas "most unexpectedly churchy after Offenbach", the impact of *Ivanhoe* was that of the dampest oratorio. No set of blackguardly low creatures there. It is national opera conceived by a gentleman and a clubman.

Emptiness, ultimately, is what the dismayed Jacobs finds himself left with. Sullivan's diary he describes as a "revelation, but it is also an enigma. Those countless mentions of new works heard without a single word of comment! The curious absence of remark on the impact of meeting such celebrities as Liszt, Dvořák, or Saint-Saëns!" It is, he concludes, a problem for psychologists to determine for what purpose these reams of laconic trivia and cryptic sexuality were set down. In the earlier years there are occasional passages of self-examination. One assumes they ceased because they would have become too painful. This emptiness got through, eventually, to English critical awareness of the time. Sir Arthur's insistence on conducting his concerts sitting comfortably in an armchair came to take on an emblematically unacceptable character. London dropped him. Leeds pushed him out. Now, in the first full-scale study since the official biography of 1927 by Newman Flower and Herbert Sullivan, Sullivan is further down and out than ever. A Chicago journalist got him right: "this fa-la-in dude".

The general quality and definitiveness of this book make it worth adding some correctable points on "the times", to which Jacobs is rather less at home than he is with the music. The Eiffel tower was not a monument to Napoleon III's Paris; nor did Napoleon flee from France with his empress on the German invasion. Coburg was not a grand duchy. Goschen was never Gladstone's chancellor of the exchequer. Britain did not annex Egypt in 1862.

In darkest Devon

Jill Neville

NANCY PHELAN
The Swift Foot of Time: An Australian in
England 1938-45
232pp. Quartet, £9.95,
0908128215

"Tempus fugit. Quite. So finish up your drink." W. H. Auden's lone of world-weariness in the face of the great mystery is not shared by Nancy Phelan. She opens the sound-proof door into her past and we are almost knocked down by gusts of life. Everything is vivid. No sepia tints here.

The past she chronicles is 1938-45 when she was a young Australian girl in London, with no cash. Doubtless she had a manuscript in her suitcase, like countless other Colonial contenders. But she doesn't refer to her ambitions (she went on to become a distinguished travel writer), nor does she refer to her love-life, although there is one teasing reference to an RAF pilot who drops her a pair of pink knickers weighed with a stone on to a field in Devon. She concentrates on the outward, the visible, the mundane, and invests it all with the awe of vigour of actuality, not sullied by sociologists or sentimentalized by self-deception.

Well, perhaps the section on North Devon, where she was sent as an evacuee, with her baby, is sentimentalized. Could it really have been so marvelous? But there is no perceptible phronesis in her description of the region round Churchill and Acland, the villagers still deeply rooted in the old ways; still virtually

in the shadow of the minipole.

"Ah, 'tes terrible. And down to Plymouth, all they pore sharks burned in their beds. Still, serves us right. 'Tis their own fault for living in their cities."

Nancy learns to skin rabbits, wash sheets in the open, make bread, endure the sight of pig-killing and entrails. The noisome landlady, Nellie, insists on feeding her baby with pickled onions and black pudding.

A wedding day is described; the effort, the ribaldry, everyone looking unrecognizable because they are wearing their teeth. Some of the evacuees go back to London preferring danger to boredom. Nancy stays on, entranced, observing the remnants of a pastoral English heaven.

It was a contrast to her earlier period in the city, working as a waitress in Quality Inn. The serech and elater. The rush and frenzy. The morry awfulness they all shared. "Six bloody bob," she said. "Run off me feet for nine hours a day and what do I get out of it? Six flaming bob and a lurch I wouldn't give to the pigs."

Nancy goes up north to demonstrate Pears Soap in tacky department stores. She describes a level of industrial, pre-contraceptive poverty that has mercifully been almost eradicated. We may have lost the luscious rootedness of old North Devon life, but at least those pale spectres are gone: young women with nine children and a recent dead set of twins, pregnant once again, undernourished and exhausted.

As a document on English life during the war, this is a valuable record and a delight. It took a young, fascinated Australian to take notice of all the marvellous oddities of the period with such a fresh and zealous eye.

Where the director went wrong

Alan Hollinghurst

STEPHEN FAY AND ROGER WOOD
The Ring: Anatomy of an opera
218pp. Secker and Warburg, £18,
0436151804

Sir Peter Hall's production of the *Ring* at Bayreuth last year was a sorry commemoration of the centenary of Wagner's death. Palpably under-rehearsed, dramatically botched, waywardly spectacular, it was, as the world press discerned, innocent of any governing idea other than a determination to be "faithful to Wagner's intentions". This determination itself materialized in merely vestigial forms - occasionally achieving scenographic miracles, as in the first scene of *Das Rheingold*, where the entire proscenium appeared to be flooded with water in which the naked Rheingoldens swam and sang, but more often lapsing into nostalgia for Arthur Rackham on the one hand or for the monumental "symbolic" stagings of Wieland Wagner on the other. Stephen Fay's *The Ring: Anatomy of an opera* is not an anatomy of the *Ring*, but an account of the growth of the production and of why it went wrong.

Its revelations are ironic, since Fay started out on his log of the production with a desire to observe a man of the theatre whom he revered "grappling single-mindedly with a great work of art". Yet the principal effect of his tale is to reveal Hall's deepest weaknesses, of which over-reaching ambition emerges as one. "Single-mindedness" is an absolute prerequisite in mounting a whole new *Ring* in one season, yet in the preceding season, when preparations should have been intense, Hall directed two plays at the National Theatre, *Macbeth* and *Amadeus* in America. *Figaro* in Geneva, shot at the same time, on top of his official duties, was rehearsing *Jed Seberg* for the Olivier the following autumn. Amid all this he was also supposed to be learning German. As Fay remarks, without censure, "No wonder German lessons were abandoned."

Their abandonment is clearly a key to the whole *débatte*. Here was a director preparing

performances of a nineteen-hour German opera in a German theatre, with many German singers and a vast German staff, but who was unable to speak German. More than this he was attempting an act of textual and dramaturgical renovation of a labyrinthine masterpiece whose very text he could not understand. "I have to read the words in translation all the time, because I find the language so clogged and difficult. It does exert a hypnotic spell, but it's hard, terribly hard, and I'm very bad at languages." In some scenes of the production, such as *Siegfried* III.2, where The Wanderer and Siegfried simply stood about on the stage as if unaware that a great turning-point of the *Ring* were taking place, this hypnotized ignorance seemed to transfer itself to the players too. But its effect was if anything more disastrous off-stage and behind the scenes, for Hall's inability to communicate with Wolfgang Wagner, the highly irascible Director of the Festival, led to a mood of destructive hostility, in which working relations polarized between Wagner's abusive ultimata and the wounded silences of Hall, who leaned heavily on the paranoid solace of threatened resignations. Hall's silence and self-dependence in general seem to have been ominous. Wagner afterwards confessed that he was never convinced that Hall's "idea" was sufficient; the "idea" itself seems not to have been widely enough tested in discussions.

After the anti-realistic austerity of Wieland Wagner's productions of the 1950s (adjusted in the 1960s by his brother Wolfgang) and the brilliant and erratic reaction to it all in Patrice Chéreau's Marxist staging of 1976, Hall sought refuge in an "unintellectual" *Ring*, whose scenography would bring (as a fulfilment of a nineteenth-century ideal) the very workings of nature into the theatre - live animals, running water, mountain, cavern and forest. William Dudley, the designer, likewise had no intellectual interest in the work; and hearing of this, Solli, the conductor, seems also to have been delighted. Both Solli, in some glorious orchestral playing, and Dudley, in some ravishing set-pieces such as the forest

glade, with pool and cave, of *Siegfried*, Act II, had their moments, it must be said. But if, under Solli, there was often a careless slackening of accord between stage and pit, and in Dudley's designs an expensive literalness and tedium, the faults of both should probably be laid at Hall's door. Fay reveals that Solli more or less kept his head down and got on with the exacting work in rehearsal and in the uniquely difficult Bayreuth pit. Dudley on the other hand could be months late with designs, and Hall was actually altering the production three minutes from the end of a special supernumerary rehearsal of *Götterdämmerung* called on the very day of the first performance.

There are two other major factors in the unhappy tale. First was Dudley's use of a gigantic, curved hydraulic platform, which owed untold and unacknowledged - debts to Svoboda's Covent Garden staging, and which was so stuporously expensive that it exhausted the Bayreuth budget for two years. It is a central irony of Hall's *Ring* that he, who had distinguished himself with brilliantly subtle productions of Mozart at Glyndebourne, where he worked in the closest collaboration with his performers, should now have added himself with a production which was overwhelmingly technical; and in which the singers, dwarfed by the cyclopean metamorphoses of the stage, were more or less left to their own devices. The second immense problem lay in the wish to engage a wholly new and youthful cast - a wish sadly thwarted by personal difficulties, and by its inherent imprudence. The ironic collapse of this ideal culminated in the final performance of *Götterdämmerung*, when *Siegfried* was sung, at a day's notice, by Jean Cox, who was two-and-a-half years old. In these circumstances the *Brünnhilde*, Hildegard Behring, was not only artistically supreme but a ministry of morale to the whole team.

Fay's book lacks any critical dimension, and is generally aballow about a profound subject; none the less it has the true fascination of behind-the-scenes drama, every stage of which is fully illustrated with Roger Wood's photographs.

JANUARY 1985

Compounding the mystery

Virgil Nemoianu

LUCIAN BLAGA
Trilogia Cunoasterii
Edited by D. Blaga
Bucharest: Minerva. 42 lei.

Lucian Blaga was recognized early on as a major poet, coming to fame in 1919, when he was only twenty-four. Perhaps he benefited from the welcome extended to the Transylvanian Romanians at the end of World War One, but his early fame was also due to his closeness to the Expressionistic lyricism that was then spreading through Central Europe. Blaga was an erudite man; his translations from many languages (of Goethe's *Faust*, among other works) are justly admired, and he tried his hand at essay writing. His major philosophical oeuvre came out in the 1930s and early 1940s; after 1948 his original publications were banned, for almost fifteen years. The reissuing of the *Trilogia Cunoasterii* (Trilogy of Knowledge) over twenty years after the poet-philosopher's death, and after it had been out of print for almost forty years, is therefore a considerable event.

Blaga's philosophical work is rather un-

usual. His writings on aesthetics are still of interest to students of East and Central European Expressionism, and in his philosophy of culture he expanded upon the tenets of Spengler and Frobenius. His attempt to describe the "culture-soul" of the Carpatho-Danubian region in terms of the pastoral myth of the "Miorita" was ingenious and still holds the intellectual imagination in Romania as one of the few attempts ever made to formulate a theory of "minor" cultures.

However Blaga was at his most intriguing in his theory of knowledge. He thought that a turning-point occurred in the history of philosophy with Philo of Alexandria and his use of dogma as a creative response to the insoluble antinomies of reality. The early Church Fathers, or the sceptical believer, Cusanus, provide further examples of an attitude which Blaga regards as the best adapted to a time of intellectual crisis such as our own because it leaves room for irrationality and arbitrary creativity. This is "luciferic epistemology", a kind of knowledge which not only admits that "mystery" is the central category in human existence, but actually strives to expand its domain by further problematizing and fragmenting the usual objects of knowledge (those approached by the "paradisial" knowledge of

the rationalists and logicians); the best knowledge is that which integrates itself with mystery.

Why should mystery occupy such a central place? Simply because the world's originating factor, called by Blaga "the Great Anonymous", behaved in a most un-godlike fashion, by setting up a "transcendent censorship" to defend itself against the growth and potential competition of its own creation. Everywhere imperfection, dispersal and incoherence hinder and disturb understanding and harmonious growth. Blaga's is a neo-Platonism in reverse: the creation is indeed trying to rush back to its source and to be reunited with it, but the "Great Anonymous", full of dark suspicions and sly jealousy, set obstacles against this yearning and built brakes in nature against the emergence of truly integrative Types or Ideas. At times, indeed, it seems more interested in thwarting than in generating.

Rationalism, Blaga contends, is neither a privileged nor a promising way to achieve knowledge or to satisfy human aspirations. It is at best one among many possible human attitudes. In some ways the "magical thought" of the primitive, as described by Lévy-Bruhl or Cassirer, can be more effective. Metaphors (and Blaga's own writing is suffused with them) may have their own cognitive usefulness, while modern physical theories, such as those of Einstein, Michelson or Bohr (one might add Gödel), with their antinomies, belong more to our own critical, dogmatic age than to the rationalist tradition. Blaga went to some pains to explain that he did not regard the "Great Anonymous" as the Christian God, but rather as an ontological structuring principle. He was often criticized by theologians, no less than by radical materialists and, unlike his philosophy of culture, his epistemology has had little influence in Romania. It also remained unknown outside the country largely because of its odd make-up: early Gnosticism mixed with late

neo-Kantianism, with elements too of Schopenhauer's pessimism and Nietzsche's voluntarism. Finally, the fact that Blaga was famous in a net worked against him, although his doctorate from the University of Vienna and his vast learning should have given the doubters pause.

Read fifty years after their first publication, these essays become fascinating in an unexpected way. They resemble in many ways the epistemological models of Kuhn, Nelson Goodman, and even Paul Feyerabend, and add an unexpected twist to the debate about the absolute scepticism of Derrida and Richard Rorty whereby the limitations or impossibilities of knowledge are mandated mysteriously rather than mere ontological gaps or blurs. More important, they may help us to assimilate non-Western modes of knowledge and reflection. In this respect Blaga resembles his countryman, Mircea Eliade, who has worked all his life to expound a concept of the sacred common to neolithic cultures East and West and which preceded the great religious systems of the last 3,000 years. Like Eliade Blaga strives to define modes of intellectual perception that are older than the great logical systems of the West. From his vantage-point (as from that of many Third-World intellectuals) the "primitive" and the, by Western standards, heretical have much in common, and Blaga's works of the 1930s are best read perhaps in the context of such writers as Wole Soyinka and Iqbal. Those who are worried about the lack of communication between North and South would do well to pay attention to them. Despite its obvious pitfalls, this approach manages to accommodate magical and primitive world-views and reckless cultural creativity, yet preserves by and large the framework of Western rational discourse. In the end Blaga deserves credit not because he fits into the history of twentieth-century philosophy, but for the puzzling way in which he does not.

Looking for goodwill

Charles Townshend

DEIRDRE McMAHON
Republicans and Imperialists: Anglo-Irish relations in the 1930s
340pp. Yale University Press. £20.
0300 030711

The last Anglo-Irish struggle, in the sense of direct conflict between the English state and majority Irish nationalism, occurred in the 1930s. The core of Deirdre McMahon's book is a richly documented account of the "economic war" which was precipitated by Eamon de Valera's return to power in 1932 and his subsequent moves to abolish the oath of allegiance to the crown and terminate the land annuity payments. As such it is surely definitive. If the intricacies of Treasury logic, and the ramifications of the "special duties" imposed by Britain in retaliation against de Valera's actions, do not always make easy reading, they form a significant test-case in the use of discriminatory tariffs.

But this study also has a wider bearing. As its banner headline and its calmer subtitle indicate, it deals with the clash between two opposed political ideals which had already generated years of violence. In a crucial sense the 1930s resolved this conflict of opposites. Although plenty of unreconstructed imperialists were to survive into the postwar period - Churchill was to give characteristically splendid expression to their anger at Eire's neutrality during the war - the 1930s showed that, whatever the provocation, Britain would not resort to force to impose its view on Ireland. Ms McMahon makes it clear that from the outset British ministers recognized the political impossibility of military action, and several times considered making a public announcement to that effect. Unwisely perhaps, they held this back as a weapon in the tortuous negotiations which, on and off, filled the six years before the 1938 agreements.

Admittedly, they were engaged in climbing down a long way from the imperialist hopes which had reposed in the Anglo-Irish Treaty. They felt sorely and unjustly provoked. De Valera's election was a bad shock. Immediately the studied vagueness with which the new concept of the Commonwealth was being elaborated was subjected to unwelcome demands for definition. The abolition of the Oath blew away the political fig-leaf which alone had rendered the Treaty just about decent to Conservatives. The suspension of annuity payments was downright indefensible in equity and law. An almost unreasoning hostility to de Valera, as virulently expressed by Ramsay MacDonald as by the deepest Tory backwoods, produced the belief that de Valera himself was irrational, sick, impossible to deal with.

Yet a deal, at first apparently impossible, was eventually done. Ms McMahon provides all the material one could ask for to illustrate this process, but she does not produce a fully fledged explanation. She points to the internal conflict between economic and political "interests" within the British Cabinet, the latter proving both more flexible and more powerful than the former. The same conflict, however, existed in de Valera's Cabinet, with a very different outcome. Political interests as defined by de Valera personally remained rigid and uncompromising, adhering to the pursuit of national dignity at whatever economic cost. In Britain there was a similar sacrifice of economic interests, but there was also real political change. Realism began to overcome imperial delusion; the future overcame the past.

Ms McMahon gives a depressing picture of the Cabinet's basic incomprehension of Irish issues. She is far from unkind to J. H. Thomas but she does not disguise his appalling ineffectiveness as a minister. His replacement by Malcolm MacDonald (who enters this rather dull drama like a hero on a white charger) brought a remarkable shift of atmosphere, which became a decisive shift of policy when Baldwin was replaced by Chamberlain. The "new" view, which had of course been part of the outlook of both Lloyd George and Lloyd George, was that insistence on formal obligations was less valuable than the creation of goodwill.

This new approach survived even the provocation of de Valera's 1937 Constitution. Irish goodwill became an increasingly valuable commodity after Hitler's remilitarization of the Rhineland. The old strategic argument that control of Ireland was vital to Britain's survival was signally modified. Since it would be impossible to guarantee the security of the Treaty ports without a huge diversion of military force, it was better to let them go and trust to the resulting goodwill. The service chiefs proved remarkably flexible and politically sensitive on this issue. Not so Churchill, who refused to accept that the simple idea of Ireland as "the Heligoland of the Atlantic" was out of date. McMahon seems unsure whether or not the war proved him wrong, but it surely did so. His continuing fulminations stemmed from imperial emotionalism rather than military realism.

The new approach was itself realistic, however, only in so far as it ceased to discount the aspirations of majority Irish nationalism. It shared with that nationalism, rather oddly, an irrational vision of the "natural unity" of the island of Ireland. One of the most striking aspects of McMahon's study is its illustration of the way in which, notwithstanding the conflicting official pieties of "Ireland" and the "United Kingdom", the governments in London and Dublin had more real common ground than either of them had with Belfast. Alongside "green" officials like Warren Fisher, we find Chamberlain assuming that ultimately "there would have to be a united Ireland just as there was a united Canada". Chamberlain was to incur the violent hostility of the Ulster Unionists through his naive idea that their "loyalism" should mean loyalty to Britain rather than to the Protestant ascendancy, and his suggestion in 1940 that Ulster should help Britain in its hour of need by showing some goodwill towards nationalist Ireland. The loyalty in this connection was, as it remains, a one-way transaction: the unconditional guarantee by Britain of the Protestants' self-defined "way of life".

This book should help British readers to digest this still inadequately understood fact. It should also, through its welcome attention to Malcolm MacDonald, cause them to reflect on the ease with which a political label can deprive the state of the services of a capable and honest minister.

Forms of unrest

Roger Thompson

MARGARET JACOB and JAMES JACOB (Editors)
The Origins of Anglo-American Radicalism
333pp. Allen and Unwin. £18.50.
004909051

The decline of the liberal consensus of the Kennedy-Macmillan era and the rise of the "New Left" in America and Britain has been reflected by burgeoning scholarly interest in the history of radicalism. In 1980 a conference met in New York to "take a sample of this scholarly ferment"; the nineteen essays in this volume are the revised record of its proceedings.

The Origins of Anglo-American Radicalism includes ten papers on the English Tradition, subdivided into sections on the English Revolution and eighteenth-century secular radicalism, and nine papers on the American Tradition, in terms of religious radicalism and the radical critique. Puzzlingly, Gary Nash's contribution on artisanal politics in Philadelphia is included in the English tradition and Phyllis Mack's analysis of English women prophets in the American section.

The range of topics is sweeping: from T. Wilson Hayes's proto-Digger Familists and Christopher Hill's improbably radical pirates to Steven Russwurm's Philadelphia Committee of Privates and Richard Twomey's émigré Jacobins in Jeffersonian America. There are useful introductions to previously published work by such authorities as J. G. A. Pocock on true Whiggism and libertarian Toryism, Joyce Appleby on the evolution of the concept of individual autonomy from Hobbes to Jefferson and Rhys Isaac on the Virginian Baptists and Methodists. Several studies are provocatively

A shoot-out in the ghetto

William J. Fishman

F. G. CLARKE
Will-o'-the-Wisp: An account of Peter the Painter and the Leamington Terrorists in Britain and Australia
131pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0195544196

London's East End has been a legendary depository for political fanatics, thieves and criminal homicides. A traditional point of arrival for genuine refugees fleeing from persecution, it has also harboured the feckless and transient, including such exotic marginals as foreign terrorists adept at avoiding the law. They moved easily into the late nineteenth century enclave which in the late nineteenth century had transformed the area, and into a situation where violence was always ready to erupt.

In this milieu outbursts manifested themselves in two distinctive patterns: by a crime wave or by a radical upsurge, separate responses to the same stimuli, but in one major incident a fusion of the two. That was the Sidney Street siege, the second legend to achieve international fame (the first was the infamous "Ripper" murders of 1888), and its prime character was the elusive Peter the Painter.

F. G. Clarke illuminates the background from which this obscure figure emerged - a twilight world of Okhrana-controlled double agents and anti-Tsarist terrorists, operating under a sometimes conscious, more often unconscious, system of mutual aid in the exercise of political violence. He confirms that the "Painter" was behind the Leamington (Flmme) organization, a predominantly Lettish Social Democratic, ie Leninist (not, as erroneously presumed, Anarchist) group, that carried out the abortive break-in (or "expropriation") at the Houndsditch jewellers (December 16, 1910) which resulted in the murder of three policemen; and that the subsequent Sidney Street siege (January 3, 1911) was a consequence of this, when two of the terrorists involved were tracked down to a lodging-house in the ghetto; it was here, after a six-hour shoot-out between a large body of armed police and a

platoon of Scots Guards under the direction of the Home Secretary, Winston Churchill, and the two trapped men, that the latter were finally blotted out of existence.

The two incidents provoked an ambivalent public response. Open outrage that such extreme "Continental type" crimes could be perpetrated in London manifested itself by anti-immigrant, that is anti-Jewish, postures in the press and on the streets - but with an underlying respect, even admiration for the third terrorist who got away. This appears to have prompted Dr Clarke to direct his attention to what really happened to the surviving Leamington gang, particularly its titular head - Peter. The result is some extraordinarily revealing revelations.

One was the activities of Yahni, alias August Maren, who escaped as a bona fide immigrant to Western Australia by way of nomination by a fellow Lett, Ernest Dreger, already ensconced in Perth. Thence ensued a *ménage à quatre* involving three men and a young Jewess, Sarah Ligu, whom they had brought with them from the East End. In the process of transferring her favours from one to another, she provoked jealousy and, ultimately, violence between them. Such antics brought them to the attention of the Australian police, alerted by neighbours complaining of their immoral and degrading life-style. Under questioning, Sarah informed on Maren that not only was he involved in the Houndsditch murders and implicated in the murder of the Okhrana informer Louis Beron, which had just preceded the Sidney Street affair, but that he was in close contact with Peter the Painter. Once more Peter was in the news, this time all over Australia. Maren and Johnson (another Leamington member) were locked up pending instructions from the British police. Eventually the reply came. There was no evidence to justify either suspect's extradition, so "the men were released immediately and permitted to sink back into obscurity." Although there was corroborative evidence that Maren was involved in the London murders, why did the London police fail to act? It appears to confirm the author's suspicion that Maren was one of many cases of an *agent provocateur* or double agent enjoying the covert protection of both the Russian and British secret police.

What of Peter the Painter? There is much to indicate that he too could have been a double agent, although even his Lettish comrades who paid the price never doubted his integrity. Richard Deacon, historian of the British Secret Service, makes the unsubstantiated claim that he was a Tsarist spy assigned to bring discredit on expatriate revolutionaries in Britain and escaping with the connivance of the British authorities. Churchill, in retrospect, refutes this, regarding him as "one of those wild beasts, who, in later years, amid the convulsions of the Great War, were to devour and ravage the Russian State and people". One writer appears to have discovered more reliable evidence of the Painter's career. Eric Pleasants, a Russian conscripted by the Nazis during the Second World War, and subsequently captured by the Russians at its end, was lucky to survive, albeit in the horrors of a Siberian camp. There he was befriended by an "old wrinkled character, Pavlov Dudkin", who claimed to be Peter the Painter and gave an eerily accurate account of the preparations for the Houndsditch robbery as well as an allegedly eyewitness description of the murder of the three policemen. He revealed the "true" manner of his escape from the East End. It was a German Jew, a Leninist sympathizer, who made the arrangements. Peter was transported by taxi to the docks, where he embarked on a tramp steamer which conveyed him to the Hook of Holland. Later he may well have fallen foul of the Stalinist régime to end up among that kindred group of Old Bolsheviks who were sentenced to spend the rest of their lives in a Soviet *gulag*.

As the author accepts, this may not be the last word in the unfinished saga of that "will-o'-the-wisp", Peter. There is one consistent error in the text - Peter's surname. It was Platkow, not Pinklow. Nevertheless, F. G. Clarke must be congratulated for his erudition as well as his ability to evoke vividly such bizarre characters and events.

Rejoining the mainstream

Roderick Beaton

EDMUND KEELEY
Modern Greek Poetry: Voice and myth
232pp. Guildford: Princeton University Press.
£21.
0691 065861
The Mind and Art of C. P. Cavafy: Essays on his life and work
223pp. Athens: Denise Harvey, Lambrou Fotisidi 6, Mets, Athens 407. £12 (paperback, £5,50).
0907978150

The critical reception afforded to Modern Greek literature, a distinct branch of the European tradition stretching back to at least the twelfth century, has always been patchy. Whole areas of this long, and at times rich, tradition have yet to be subjected to any of the modes of critical enquiry available to literary scholarship today; and fewer still have become known and been discussed as they deserve outside Greece. The chief exception is the Greek poetry of our own century, notably the work of Constantine P. Cavafy, Angelos Sikelianos, George Seferis, Odysseus Elytis and, most recently, Yannis Ritsos.

The essays collected to each of these two volumes are devoted to the work of these poets, and all but one first appeared in English. In fact the two collections together represent a major portion of the Anglo-American contribution to Modern Greek literary criticism. What is more, along with essays by Philip Sherrard and Edmund Keeley's own *Cavafy's Alexandria* (1976), still the standard work in English on Cavafy, and to Greek with the work of the poet-critic Seferis and Nicos Vayenas, they represent almost the entire contribution that the Anglo-American "New Criticism" has made to Greek letters. One great virtue of this criticism was its conscious integration of Modern Greek literature into the European mainstream, and particularly that part of it which found expression with the generation of Eliot, Pound and Joyce. It is almost exclusively due to the efforts of these New Critics - also active as translators - that Modern Greek literature is read at all in Britain and America, or Eliot, Pound and Yeats in Greece.

But a less happy consequence has been that English-speaking readers have been encouraged to view Modern Greek poetry through the prism of the poetics and central concepts of the "Pound generation". It is not, I think, unfair to quote in illustration of this a sentence from an essay by Keeley on Yannis Ritsos (1978):

Ritsos appears to have moved in much the same direction as that chosen by his eminent predecessors in this century, Cavafy, Sikelianos, and Seferis. Each abandoned rhetorical self-indulgence or subjective lyricism at some point in his career in favour of the dramatic and symbolic expression of a tragic sense of life that came to each with a mature vision of the

human predicament and that discovered its profoundest form in the kind of simplicity which emerges from catharsis, personal and stylistic.

Of the nine essays included in *Modern Greek Poetry*, two had not previously been published, while another three are expanded to take account of subsequent debate. Consequently, although the volume contains the work of seventeen years, it is also, as a whole, a "synchronic" statement of this critic's position and ideas on the writers he has chosen to present. The opening essay is an (unnecessarily defensive?) reply to recent essays on Cavafy by Vayenas and myself, which fairly establishes the principles and perspective that hold throughout the volume: "I am willing to admit to belong a bit old-fashioned - a reformed New Critic, if you will." Two essays on the visionary lyricist Sikelianos follow, and three on Seferis, of which the most interesting is the famous 1969 essay on the "mythical method", now with a lengthy addendum defending the relevance of the "method" to Seferis, but also bringing a new and welcome sharpness of definition to the argument. The book concludes with two essays on Elytis; an expanded version of Keeley's introduction to his translation of selected short poems by Ritsos; and by way of postscript, the text of an interview with Seferis in Princeton in 1968.

The Mind and Art of C. P. Cavafy is the sixth in the well-produced Romlosyni Series of English titles, devoted to Modern Greek literature and culture, and published in Athens by Denise Harvey and Company. All but one of the fourteen essays had been published previously, but not all were easily accessible, and it would have been a rare admirer of Cavafy who had all of them ready to hand. The particular success of the book lies in its combination of the non-specialist (the two brief but memorable pieces by E. M. Forster, others by Stephen Spender and, in translation for the first time, by Cavafy's friend T. Soreyannis) with substantial and relatively specialist essays which are deservedly exposed to a wider public than their first publication permitted (those by Seferis, Sherrard, Vayenas, and the previously unpublished essay, approaching Cavafy from the generally neglected angle of his "philosophical" poetry, by Constantine Melakopoulos). One might have reservations about the inclusion of two rather dated American essays of the mid-1950s which use Cavafy as a pretext for an excursus on "decadence"; and regret that, in this volume published exactly fifty years after the poet's death, there is no hint of the ferment of new (and even tendentious) approaches to Cavafy among a younger generation of Greek scholars.

However, both of these books will be highly serviceable to English-speaking students of Modern Greek literature, as well as to all readers of poetry who know the work of these five major European poets only through translation.

Suffering the Turks

E. D. Goy

ANNE PENNINGTON and PETER LEVI
Marko the Prince: Serbo-Croat heroic songs
173pp. Duckworth. £19.50.
071561715X

The title of this book is slightly misleading since, in fact, it is not a collection of epic ballads about Marko Kraljević, but rather an anthology of oral ballads beginning with those about the battle of Kosovo (1389) and including some eleven poems concerning Marko, and others from the seventeenth century then on to the first Serbian rebellion of 1804. It makes available to the English reader a wide range of Serbo-Croat oral poetry, some of which, including the excellent "Old Vujadin" are, to the best of my knowledge, here translated into English for the first time. Of the mass of oral ballads extant, this is a very good selection.

The prince Marko of the title, the son of Vukasin of Prilep, became a Turkish vassal, as such he fought at the battle of Rovine (1395) against the Romanians. Konstantin of Kostelnitsa in his biography of the Serbian Despot, Stefan Lazarević, written in 1431, states that Marko prayed on the battlefield that the Turks should lose the battle even if he were the first to die. The prayer was answered, and perhaps this is a clue to the origin of the legend that grew up around his name. He became the eponym of the Serbian mercenary horseman who served his Turkish masters often with a strong sense of loyalty to his own faith and people. The *Delije* acted in a period of adventure and insecurity in which personal prowess was the greatest good.

Marko the Prince is a beautiful volume, dedicated to the memory of the late Anne Pennington, who also cooperated in Svetozar Koljević's *The Epic in the Making* (1980), which was the first authoritative book in English on this subject since Dragutin Subotić's *Yugoslav Popular Ballads* (1932). The present volume is enriched by Professor Koljević's introduction and his notes to each of the ballads included. Peter Levi, in his introduction, stresses the literary significance of the Serbian oral epic. The Serbian ballads have been translated

into English since the nineteenth century when Sir John Bowring produced his *Serbian Popular Poetry* (1827). After the First World War, renewed interest in Serbia resulted in several editions of translated ballads, most important of which are D. H. Low's *The Ballads of Marko Kraljević* (1922) and Helen Rootham's *The Epic of Kosovo* (1920).

Translation is always a matter of compromise. The trochaic decasyllable line of the original is not easily reproduced in English, although Bowring, in the one poem concerning Marko which he included, attempted to do so. In his day the result was probably more acceptable than today. The alternative is a line-by-line prose translation, perhaps with some rhythmic echo; Low was good at this. The present translation is in prose, yet it contains some rather strange-sounding lines and expressions. There is also a use of the present tense which does not always help. "The Kosovo gird waters early" translates *uranila kosovka dnevna*, which is a past tense. Perhaps the idea was to suggest the immediacy of oral performance, but it does not succeed. There are some changes in lines: "Give me red wine for me to drink", "She gives him red wine for him to drink". The ballad "The Beginning of the Revolt against the Dohijas" begins in a rather strange English which in no way reflects the original Serbian style.

It was coming in Serbian country, in Serbia the country overturned, A new law coming in Serbia, The rulers were not glad of that quarter, And the devouring Turks, they were not glad, But the people of the Christians were glad, Because the people could not pay their fine, They could not suffer the heavy Turk.

Much of the translation, however, reads well. It is not the understanding of the original Serbian, but the English which seems occasionally to go wrong.

This is undoubtedly the best book to present the Serbian oral ballads to an English reading public. The spirit and sense of the ballads are there, as well as much valuable and accurate information and exegesis. Taken together with Professor Koljević's book, it represents a first step in English awareness of a unique and wonderful body of oral poetry.

John C. 1316

Verbal superpower

Vivian Salmon

JANE DONAWERTH
Shakespeare and the Sixteenth-Century Study of Language
279pp. Harper and Row. £14.50.
0252 010388

This study appears at a most opportune time, since proposals are currently in hand for the first British conferences devoted to relevant topics – one on the language of Shakespearean drama, and the other on the history of linguistic ideas. Jane Donawerth makes a commendable attempt to combine the two interests in a single work, although she herself describes a rather different readership as her primary target – “students of Shakespeare and of Elizabethan drama in general”. About half the book is devoted to the discussion of linguistic topics of particular concern in the sixteenth century, and the other half to the examination of five separate plays; in selecting linguistic topics the author pays special attention to those works which she believes would have been familiar to Shakespeare: grammar-school texts, widely-read classics, various kinds of translation, and original English publications between 1500 and 1620. In selecting the plays, she chooses those in which Shakespeare refers most frequently to ideas taken from the sixteenth-century discussion of language, and in which he is experimenting with ways of using these ideas to greatest dramatic advantage.

The three “historical” chapters which constitute the first half demonstrate, the author argues, that language in the sixteenth century was more often a subject for debate than agree-

ment; and among the debates are some still highly relevant today, in particular, whether language is unique to men. Other topics which fascinated sixteenth-century scholars were the long-standing questions of the natural or conventional relationship between words and things (or ideas), and of the origin of language – whether God-given, mediated by Adam, who at God's command named objects in accordance with their properties, or whether human, as a result of a social contract arising when men ceased to live “brutishly in open fields”.

These topics are outlined in the introduction, and examined in greater detail in the following three chapters. The first of these comments on some ideas derived from grammatical works known in the sixteenth century, for example on the status of “vox”, “letters”, and “significant” and “consonant” parts of speech. The function of speech in general is described – to make known “reason” and to “declare our thoughts one to other”. Yet speech is transient, language (except in written form) subject to mutability, though it may possess a natural relationship with things; for example, a word may be a self-explanatory compound, denoting an object and its purpose (“handkercher”), or the “letters” of which a word is composed may be associated with certain qualities (r is “rough”). New words are sometimes welcomed, sometimes condemned; some scholars regard them as evidence of a cyclical renewal of language, others of progressive decline. Most people, however, discern an inherent power in words; here Dr Donawerth cites Keith Thomas's documentation of the widespread belief in word-magic in Renaissance England, although it found little expression here in the kind of philosophical treatise

which was published on the Continent.

The second chapter deals with less specific linguistic issues which are, however, more relevant to the drama: the use of language as an expression of physical passion, the relation of speech and death, the semantics of vocal inflexion, expression and gesture, and the actor's contribution to the dramatist's art. Donawerth studies these topics and their echoes in Shakespearean drama; for example, the belief that speech consumed breath which was vital to life, and that the meaning of vocal inflexion is universal to both men and beasts. Finally, she discusses the language of the actor; in the early plays it was rhetorical and passionately enunciated, in the later drama it became not simply “lively” but “life-like”.

In the last of these chapters Donawerth returns to more familiar themes, in particular, attitudes to language in the sixteenth century and the present critical debate about whether Shakespeare was aware of “the limits of language”, or whether he reposed absolute trust in it as a means of communication. She also discusses a somewhat similar sixteenth-century debate between logicians and rhetoricians, the former suspicious of language because of its ambiguity, the latter rejoicing in its richness, which allowed them to express the otherwise inexpressible by means of metaphor. The chapter ends with a commentary on the reputed Elizabethan “love of words”, and to this perennial discussion Donawerth contributes several fresh examples.

The second half of the book demonstrates the effect of these beliefs about language in five plays – *Love's Labour's Lost*, *King John*, *The Merchant of Venice*, *All's Well and Hamlet*; the arguments are too dense to be summarized

here. On the whole they are convincing, though sometimes over-ingenious; and since, as Donawerth herself admits, the linguistic topics discussed in the first half are highly selective, the reader is left wondering how her choice is adequate. For example, one topic of interest at the time was that of social and sexual variation in speech, which is explored in Donawerth. The non-specialist reader cannot assess the adequacy of coverage in this respect owing to the lack of a comprehensive account of sixteenth-century linguistic ideas, to which Donawerth draws attention. It is unfortunate that she was unaware of a Yale thesis on the subject which was presented by J. F. McDiarmid in 1980. There are also one or two other unfortunate omissions; for example, the author cites Francis Clement's *Petite Scolie* (1587) as the “nearest thing” to an English grammar in the sixteenth century, apparently forgetting Bullen's grammar of 1586; while she fails to refer to the standard work on Shakespeare's literary and linguistic training as a schoolboy, T. W. Baldwin's *William Shakespeare's Small Latine and Lesse Greek*. The absence of a bibliography is also highly regrettable.

In spite of these minor shortcomings the book is warmly recommended not only to the readership which Dr Donawerth envisages, but also to historians of sixteenth-century linguistics. Although little of the material in chapters one to three will be entirely new to them, they will certainly appreciate its presentation as an organized account – one which offers, for the general reader as well, a valuable contribution to our knowledge of the intellectual context of Shakespearean drama.

emasculation was thought of: a gelded horse, a steer, a wether or the like. Curiously, though an immature animal like a foal or a calf was also considered neuter, along with gelded animals, neuteredness did not seem to apply to female animals incapable of production. Of mature animals, only the male could fail; barrenness was, perhaps, unspeakable.

Besides the insights into the Armenian mind and its perception of grammar that these passages allow us, we also find a lexicographer's treasure-trove. The Middle Armenian language is poorly charted, for the period was one of change and innovation. Erznkatsi and the other half-dozen or so grammarians of substance who wrote at that time use words, and often uncommon ones, in an extremely precise manner. And where new words appear in a

poorly defined context in other Middle Armenian authors, the grammarians, through their precision, often afford us a clear understanding of a new lexical item's function.

This was the time of a reluctant break with the past, with the Classical Armenian which had once approached the vernacular but was now distant and artificial. Yet being the language of the Bible, in the superb Classical Armenian translation, and the language of Moses of Khoren, it was most suitable for the expression of elevated thoughts. And so, like Latin in the Middle Ages, Classical Armenian survived through the centuries as a holy variety, supported by grammarians who feared that with the demise of their great classical language, their whole culture would crumble. Hence the high value placed on the grammarians in that age.

Grammar was political. Khachorian tells us that Erznkatsi was urged to write his grammar by the Catholicos Yohani Khayatzat, who wanted the standard text of Origen's *Magistros*, the most prominent Armenian grammarian of the eleventh century, replaced, considering it to be outmoded and narrow in scope. There was also the matter of the Armenian Church. The Catholicos knew that Erznkatsi was a staunch defender of the independence of the Armenian church and was opposed to those who preferred a direct link with Rome. He felt that a grammar constructed by someone whose thoughts were theologically conservative would be less risky in the hands of students than one prepared by a scholar of two hundred years before whose position on the matter of church unity was not always clear. So Erznkatsi wrote his new survey, reinforcing Armenia's links with the ancient Greek world, and strengthening the independent church as an expression of Armenian nationalism.

This is Dr Khachorian's fourth important publication in Middle Armenian grammar. While living in the USSR he published the text of Esayi Nchetsi (Yerevan, 1966), and the grammatical studies of Vardan Arakel (Yerevan, 1972); in 1982, in Los Angeles, his text of the fourteenth-century Armenian Arakel Siwnetsi appeared. With these publications, Middle Armenian grammar is coming into focus, a process begun earlier in the century in the works of Nicholas Adontz. It is a true continuation of the Greek experience, and the grammatical works of the Middle Ages in the West.

Dropping it short

A. L. Le Quesne

CHRISTOPHER DOUGLAS
Douglas Jardine: Spartan Cricketer
206pp. Allen and Unwin. £9.95.
004 7950833

J.H. FINGLETON
Cricketer Crises: Bodyline and other lines
306pp. Pavilion. £9.95.
0907516483

RICHIE BENAUD
Benaud: On reflection
255pp. Collins. £8.95.
000 2180340

Amid the heavy crop of representations of the bodyline affair that have appeared in several media to mark its fiftieth anniversary, it was no doubt inevitable that a biography of Jardine should materialize. Christopher Douglas's *Douglas Jardine: Spartan Cricketer* makes no pretence to be anything more than a cricketer's biography – it covers other aspects of Jardine's life only in very perfunctory fashion – but it is a better than average example of that rather limited genre, and indeed in this case perhaps no other kind of biography would have been possible.

The book's central concern is naturally with the bodyline tour of 1932–3, and it is ironical that this is not on the whole the most interesting portion. The reason, though, is not far to seek. It is not easy to say anything new about that tour unless a substantial source of fresh information is found; and Douglas has not had that good fortune. He has made diligent use of previous published accounts of the affair, and of contemporary newspapers, but it is disappointing that he was apparently unable to uncover any private papers of Jardine's. This, and the loss of the captain's official report on the tour to the MCC, mark the most regrettable gap in the documentation. While it remains unfulfilled, no definitive version of the process by which bodyline was evolved and took shape is possible. Douglas is satisfied with a fairly traditional account, tracing the origin of bodyline to the famous dinner in the grill-room of the Piccadilly Hotel, and rather blurring over the issue of the exact point in the tour at which it emerged naked and unashamed. Nor has he been able to find any source which might throw new light on the reasons behind another puzzling episode, Jardine's abrupt announce-

ment in the press in March 1934, sent from India, that he would not play against the Australians in their tour of England that summer. In the highly charged atmosphere of public controversy that prevailed it seems almost impossible to believe that there was nothing more in this, and especially in Jardine's failure to let the MCC know his intentions privately in advance, than met the eye; but Douglas is reduced to the same guesses as the rest of us. It would have been interesting, too, to know how Jardine himself came to view the whole bodyline affair in later life, and whether he was ever able to form a more detached judgment of it than the strenuously partisan one that makes his account of the tour, published in its immediate aftermath, so unsatisfying; but our curiosity goes unassuaged.

What is of considerable interest in this book, though, is the very full account it gives of Jardine's cricketering career in the 1920s, of his first tour of Australia with Chapman's team in 1928–9 and of the other Test series, apart from the ill-famed bodyline tour, in which he led England – against New Zealand in 1931, against India in 1932 and 1933–4 and against the West Indies in 1933. England won all these series, and even granting that most of the opposition was inexperienced at Test level, Jardine's overall record as a Test captain – played 15, won 9, drawn 5, lost 1 – strongly reinforces his claim to rank very high among the ablest as well as the most successful of England's captains. There has never been any doubt that he had a remarkable capacity to command the loyalty of those who played under him. But Douglas also makes out a strong case that, judged purely as a batsman, Jardine ranks close to the top even in a decade as rich in great batsmen as the 1920s. In 1927 and 1928 he averaged 91.09 and 87.15 respectively, followed by 64.88 in Chapman's tour of Australia. If his achievements as a batsman have been underestimated, this is because he virtually played only four full seasons of first-class cricket after leaving Oxford – 1924, 1925, 1926 and 1932 – because he failed to do himself justice as a batsman after taking over the England captaincy (he scored only one Test century, the memorable 127 against the West Indies' verve of bodyline bowled by Constantine and Martindale in the Old Trafford Test of 1933) and because he effectively bowed out of the first-class game at the age of thirty-two.

This seems to have been a decision owing about equal amounts to the fact that, once he was married, he could no longer afford to play the game as an amateur (and would never have dreamed of doing so as a professional) and to his increasing distaste for the way that first-class, and especially Test, cricket was developing in the early 1930s. The two are connected. The economic foundations of the game were shifting profoundly, and if one aspect was the declining number of amateurs who could afford to play regularly, another was its increasing financial dependence on gate money and hence on mass spectator support, which in turn meant mass media coverage. Jardine hated the pressures exerted on cricket by popular journalism (despite his own later career as a cricket journalist), and by the crowds which it could not afford to do without. His was an outdated view of the game; and nothing in Douglas's book is of greater interest than the insights it incidentally affords into the changing attitudes towards cricket in the 1930s and the social and economic pressures that were shaping the game.

Jack Fingleton's report of bodyline published in 1946, *Cricketer Crises*, was the earliest full-length narrative of the affair after those published in 1933, and it has been predictably reissued (with an introduction by Michael Parkinson as well as the original foreword by Neville Cardus). Fingleton wrote from first-hand experience of the tour, and the book is thus half-way between a primary source and a retrospective account. Bodyline fascinated Fingleton all his life: he returned to it again and again in his numerous writings and, outspoken though his condemnation of it was, he was by no means indiscriminating. He was a wholehearted admirer of Larwood as a bowler (and had much to do with his emigration to Australia after the Second World War). His judgments are shrewd, and always worth considering. Yet to republish *Cricketer Crises* now is not perhaps the kindest tribute that could have been paid to his memory. Inevitably, thirty-eight years after it was first published, some of his account of bodyline – especially of those aspects which lay outside his own experience – is dated and inadequate. His version casts the MCC in a much more sinister role than now seems credible, and his picture of Sir Pelham Warner, as more villain than victim, is likewise unconvincing. The book is haunted by the

(never admitted and hence never properly faced) animus against Bradman that runs through all Fingleton's books – at times it is hard to avoid the suspicion that his admiration for Larwood owed something to a desire to get at Bradman vicariously. The most living and interesting parts of the book are the pieces on the Australian tours of South Africa in 1935–6 and of England in 1938, and particularly the characterizations of the three Australian cricketers of his generation whom he most admired, Grimmett, O'Reilly and McCabe.

Benaud: On reflection takes us back to the changing shape of cricket. In it Richie Benaud gives the astute and thoroughly modern reflections of a distinguished Australian Test captain and media man on the state of the game in the 1980s. It has come a long way since the 1930s, but it has come down a straight road: the same pressures are shaping it, now still further intensified – the money, the crowds and the media. The book has particular interest, coming as it does from a man who played a key role in the Packer revolution, which six years ago carried the process to its logical conclusion by giving the media, in Australia at any rate, a controlling voice in the game. Benaud therefore has a record to defend, and he sets about the task frankly and dogmatically – the changes that Jardine abhorred he welcomes with both hands. He is an unashamed defender of modern cricket in almost all its aspects – the skills of its players (though not, I am happy to say, every detail of their behaviour), their enjoyment of the game, the attractiveness of the game itself. His clinching argument is the big attack of numbers – more people both play cricket and watch it (in its one-day and Test forms) than ever before, there is for more money in the game and more of it goes into the players' pockets. On the merits of the case, however, Benaud has not convinced me. It may be true that cricket has gone the way it was bound to go, and was already starting to go in Jardine's time; that it has become a better game I do not believe. But Benaud argues with force and a formidable weight of experience, and anyone interested in the condition of cricket will find his book important and suggestive reading.

Greek continued

John A. C. Greppin

YOVHANNES ERZNKATSI
Hawak'utun meknu'can k'erakani
(A Collection of the Commentaries on the Grammarian)
Edited by Levon G. Khachorian
391pp. Los Angeles. \$15.

Levon Khachorian's new text of John of Erznkay (also called Erznkatsi) is a valuable and meticulous edition of an important but often neglected medieval grammarian, which also provides us with a vital reflection of the mental processes of a thirteenth-century Armenian scholar. Grammar was absolutely central to the intellectual life of the time. In the Armenian universities of eastern Anatolia, it was one of the seven principal courses of study which, based on the Greco-Roman system, included a Quadrivium of astrology, arithmetic, geometry, music, and a Trivium of rhetoric, logic and grammar.

Grammar usually consisted of commentaries on the great Greek grammarian of the second century BC, Dionysius Thrax. The Armenians had always been entranced by the Greek world. Their strongest Christian alliances were with the Greek church, and their language of scholarship, before they had their own alphabet, was predominantly Greek. The extent of their admiration is reflected in the fact that Moses of Khoren, the father of Armenian history, elected to record in his summary of his country's legendary past that the Armenians fought at Troy.

It is the Armenians who are responsible for the existence today of the complete *Grammar* of Dionysius Thrax, for the Greek version that has been left to us is incomplete and the whole survives only in Armenian translation. For its time this grammatical model was a remarkable document, describing concisely and accurately many of the peculiarities of language. Though Dionysius does not deal with syntax, he conveys the concept of the noun and verb, of adjective, preposition and particle. He classifies the three genders as masculine, feminine and neuter, and deals with agent and the sounds of Greek. Names are given to the cases (nominative, genitive, dative, accusative) and the order in which Dionysius Thrax lists them is the order still much used in the English-speaking world. Today we have significantly de-

parted from Dionysius Thrax only in the syntactic works of Chomsky and his descendants. Most of the labours of Erznkatsi and earlier Armenian grammarians were applied to adapting Armenian grammar to this Greek model. Gender was a problem. Dionysius Thrax defined three clear genders for Greek, but Armenian, alas, had none, and it fell to the Armenian grammarians to discuss and classify gender in their language while handicapped by its absence. Erznkatsi decided what masculine would be, describing it as that which is implied, for instance, in the word *kand* (“male eagle”) or *voruzhan* (“male falcon”). The feminine was dealt with in the same way and was expressed by the words *mari* (“hea”), *kov* (“cow”) or *mak'i* (“ewe”). But the concept of the neuter proved difficult until the notion of

Ancient Evenings

My friends hunted in packs, had themselves photographed under hoardings that said “Tender Vegetables” or “Big Chunks”, but I had you – my Antonia! Not for long, nor for a long time now . . .

Later, your jeans faded more completely, and the hole in them wore to a furred square, as it had to, but I remember my hands skating over them; there where the cloth was thickest.

You were so quiet, it seemed like an invitation to be disturbed, like Archimedes and the soldier, like me, like the water displaced from my kettle when I heated tins of viscous celery soup in it

until the glue dissolved and the labels crumbled and the turbid, overheated water turned into more soup: I was overheated, too. I could not trust my judgment. The coffee I made in the dark was eight times too strong.

My humour was gravity, so I sat us both in an armchair and toppled over backwards. I must have hoped the experience of danger would cement our relationship. Nothing was broken, and we made surprisingly little noise.

MICHAEL HOFMANN

Pitching it high

Simon Rae

ADRIAN ALINGTON
The Amazing Test Match Crime
248pp. Hogarth Press. Paperback, £3.95.
070120361X

WILLIAM RUSHTON
W.G. Grace's Last Case or The War of the Worlds – Part Two
287pp. Methuen. £7.95.
0413340804

ANTHONY COUCH
Memoirs of a Twelfth Man: The recollections of J.A.P. Withers of Stripford Rural Cricket Club
140pp. Rambury: Crowood Press. £6.95.
0946284350

It is comforting to think that 1939 could have been lightened by the publication of such an engaging piece of fiction as Adrian Alington's *The Amazing Test Match Crime* (now reissued in paperback with an introduction by Brian Johnston). A multi-genre spoof – targets include the Edgar Wallace thriller, *Boys' Own* adventure story, sensational journalism and popular romance – *The Amazing Test Match Crime* is set in an England simmering with excitement on the eve of the fifth and deciding Test against Australia. However, away from the gaze of an unsuspecting public, a ghastly plot is afoot. Recognizing, with W.G. Grace, cricket's power “to knit together the various scions of the British Empire and to advance the cause of civilization”, *The Bad Men*, Europe's most wanted gang, led by the evil genius known simply as “The Professor”, are planning to disrupt the sacred proceedings, and deal a staggering blow to the morale of the Empire.

Meanwhile, down in the depths of Gloucestershire, young Joe Prestwick, the season's discovery as a slow bowler, waits to see whether the selectors (given to meeting in unassailable privacy – above the Channel in a balloon, for instance) will pick him for the Oval. Selection would give him not only the opportunity for glory, but the chance to claim the hand of the vicar's daughter. For it is only by representing England that Joe can atone for his humble origins – his parents (close relatives of the Starkadders) bring a bare living from the soil, and speak “with two dots over their vowels”.

The Bad Men put on a display of hostility to make even the fiercest bowling look tame, but the Professor's plans are eventually foiled. True love and civilization triumph in the end, while of course the Australians are also beaten – by a play almost certainly pilfered from Arthur Conan Doyle's “The Story of Spedegue's Dropper”.

Conan Doyle is plagiarized more extensively and spectacularly in William Rushton's *W.G. Grace's Last Case*, though he is by no means the only author out of copyright (to be brilliant-ly pillaged). The story takes place shortly after the distressing events described in H.G. Wells's *The War of the Worlds* – events which prove to be far from concluded. The threat of a second Martian invasion is only finally averted by a mission to the moon, courtesy of a spaceship provided by a Monsieur Jules Verne, while much of the intervening action involves W.G. and Dr Watson in mortal combat with Dr Jeeky (“pronounced Jeeky”) and a whole host of nothing Edward Hydes. Theatrical villains though he is, Castor and Pollux Vilebark (pronounced “Villibark”) by no one but themselves), and foiling their fiendish plot to take

over the world involves W.O. in a series of adventures, each more incredible than the last, in America, Canada, London and Paris. The plot is a hilarious phantasmagoria, but where Rushton really scores is in the creation of W.G.'s character. Always likely to “recognize a Welsh leg-spinner and chestman he had met while playing XVIII Inebriated Heart Specialists of Cardiff”, or fall into reminiscences of his fine all-round performance against XXXIII Blind Men of Kent, Rushton's extrapolation from the folklore figure of Grace is a triumph of the comic imagination. Relations between W.G. and Watson are, oddly caught too – “Watson seized W.G.'s beard in both hands and tugged it”. Illustrated with Rushton's own delightful drawings, *W.G. Grace's Last Case* is a comic tour de force.

The same cannot be said of Anthony Couch's *Memoirs of a Twelfth Man*, a series of unconnected stories. The joke in most of these revolves around the inability of certain people – foreigners (by definition), film stars, MPs, seamen – to play cricket, and of others – women mainly – to appreciate the game's supreme and overriding importance. Couch is capable of some deft comic touches – a wicket destroyed by a fast bowler is “a deckchair fired from a gun”, for instance – and who, among the ranks of second-rate club cricketers, will not win in recognition at the Bar Fles' scorebook: “P. Q. O'Halligan Absent, incapacitated – O; M. N. P. Newbody Absent, lost cap – O; V. Hoskiss Retired, collapsed – 4; W. W. Flood Retired, lachrymose – 4; H. Blumenthal Retired, change of personality – 0?” But that is the point. While Rushton's book will find a readership far beyond the boundary, *Memoirs of a Twelfth Man* will appeal only to habitués of the pavilion bar.

Samuel Johnson
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Viewpoint: Why the peace movement is wrong

Joseph Brodsky

Courting a bonafide perhaps, may I submit that the peace movement in Europe today — discussed recently by Michael Ignatieff in the *TLS* (June 1) — is essentially a millenarian phenomenon, the [m]acronyms of nukespeak notwithstanding. Each time a chronological non-event of the kind we are to face in less than sixteen years from now starts to loom on the human horizon (the end of a millennium, or of a century, sometimes even of a decade) it causes a great deal of bustling and commotion in societies with however marginal an ecclesiastical background. The closeness of a New Jerusalem or of an Apocalypse is whispered or trumpeted in private or public gatherings. If successful, a millenarian movement results either in the emergence of a new creed or in social upheaval. If it fails, it peters out in utopias, science-fiction, or in the dry sands of political science. Whatever the outcome, the immediate by-product is a great deal of rhetoric and, at times, some mayhem.

Presently, of course, the issue is the coming of the Apocalypse. Yet if we take the latter-day pacifists at their face value, the main trouble in that unlike their predecessors in the 1930s, whose fear of war was based on the very fresh memory of the 1914-18 carnage, the sentiments of these predominantly young people are not genuine but borrowed: from literature, movies, journalism; at best, from Holy Writ. If there is anything properly their own, it's the fear of death inherent in nearly every living organism. As is often the case this fear gets both fuelled and quelled (financially and otherwise) from and by the same source. But all the muscle and lucre notwithstanding, if nuclear weaponry promotes this private fear to the rank of general eschatology, then one should only be grateful to it for this opportunity to get all these eschatological tendencies out of one's system: suppressed, they might result in all kinds of neurosis. This is one way in which the peace movement in Europe today is a healthy development. If anything, it is a form of mass therapy.

Correspondingly, its participants' main emphasis is on the tools of mass destruction, on Pershings, Cruise, SS-20s, MIRVs, ICBMs, on the concept of MAD etc, rather than on the phenomenon of conventional forces. In other words, the peace movement concerns itself with the prospect of a global, mass annihilation, not with war's localized, individualized versions. In the strict sense of the word, a modern pacifist doesn't qualify for the term since he is against the obliteration of the species, while not against the destruction of some. Such a sense of priorities speaks for itself, but such is the nature of mass movements; besides, the diffusion of focus may be attributed here to the mesmerizing effects of large numbers, which always get better publicity. Yet the main error is not so much an ethical as a tactical one, considering the peace movement's purpose. If its members were genuinely interested in disarmament, their emphasis should first of all be on the dismantling of conventional forces,

since the core of every military doctrine is conquest, ie, one delivers a strike (first, third, umpteenth) in order to bring down the adversary's defences and to move one's troops in. You hit in order to make it easier to capture. Now, with these forces dismantled, the ability to hit in effect cancels itself out: for there would be nothing to take with — or to provide a *cassus belli*. If the peace movement in Europe is to have any meaning, it should make the total reduction of conventional forces its primary objective.

This objective could be achieved only in the presence of the deterrent, ie, only under the nuclear umbrella, for it's only under that umbrella that the peace movement can exist. As to who holds that umbrella's handle, it's irrelevant as long as the handle is being held firmly. In many ways, it's better that the job of holding is done by the United States: to say the least, it's easier on the European nations economically. As for the Americans themselves, they accept this expense not in order to control the European market-place but presumably because they still prefer to jeopardize their purse rather than the lives of their troops. They neither wish nor most likely will have to be able to cross the Atlantic for the third time this century. Due to technological progress, the hemispheres find themselves today in biblical proximity: that of Cain to Abel, which renders the discourse about sovereignty over national defences a bit futile. In this sense, Mr Ignatieff's reference to the genial Bourbon to the White House is positively swinish. After all, Ignatieff is allowed to dissect hairs on the bald head of the European Defence problem (with the help of the Soviet axe, I am tempted to add) precisely through that Bourbon's geniality. The same is true about discord between the European nations, the same is true about squabbling in front of the enemy's aimed missiles — something that frightens André Glucksmann but pleases Ignatieff as evidence of democracy. This is not evidence of democracy; this is evidence of the nuclear deterrent.

As a reader of American periodicals (at least of the *New Yorker* and *Time* from which he quoted in his *TLS* piece), Ignatieff should also know that his statement about "the Cold War sermonizing of one side reinforcing the Cold War sermonizing of the other" is misleading. First, neither the American press nor American politicians ever speak in unison. This sort of equation of causality is at best a product of journalistic inertia. Second, naming the Soviet Union as the focus of Evil (which is what, I presume, Ignatieff is alluding to) is warranted rather by that country's record (more than six decades long) of cruelty to both its subjects and neighbours than by any recent outburst of its leaders' rhetoric. What may sound like sermonizing to the reviewer of *La Force du verbe* is simply calling a spade a spade to about 100 million Poles, Czechs and other East Europeans, not to mention quite a lot of Russians. Can it be that a genial Bourbon is more *au courant* with the human condition than a scholar and gentleman of Russian extraction? And how come that the former movie actor and a French philosopher, however *nouveau*, see eye

to eye on the subject of Evil?

Ignatieff spurns Glucksmann for not presenting the least evidence of Soviet plaus or indeed capabilities for overrunning Western Europe militarily, or else Finlandizing it. As Ignatieff is incapable of offering evidence to the contrary, the reader is left to a hierarchy of surmises depending on his own temperament. Yet doesn't the record of a nation's international conduct constitute evidence? And if it doesn't, what does? To some extent, each country is a captive of its history, and totalitarian states are more captive than others. To surmise the opposite, to look for the "human" side of things, to seek a better understanding of the adversary, may be good ethnography but as politics it is imprudent. True, the people in a totalitarian state are warm, hospitable, industrious and genial; like ourselves, they too are capable of orgasm. Yet one can't trust people who lack freedom of choice. When it comes to the rub, it's not they who will decide. In other words, mistrust is the form of understanding. The Soviet Union is an ideological tyranny which precludes it from being guided in international affairs by common sense, even in an optional manner. Were common sense operational there at all, the present political system wouldn't have existed in the first place.

Thus Glucksmann is accurate in regarding the overrunning of Western Europe militarily, or the reduction of it to the status of a client state *à la* Finland, as the Kremlin's plausible scenarios. However, the main purpose of the Soviet military build-up is somewhat different. As both nuclear parity and the low quality of Soviet output effectively block any possibility of the Soviet Union's military or economic expansion and control of the Eurasian land-mass (which is its present, if not sole, objective), the only avenue which it sees open for itself and leading in the desired direction is that of military blackmail. Given the radical difference between the Soviet economy (where the State owns everything: raw materials, manpower and the treasury) and those of the Western world, the Soviet Union can increase its arsenal ad infinitum. (The only area that may suffer here is not the purse, as Western analysts tend to think, but natural resources; at present, however, this is of no concern for the State.) In order to maintain parity, the West, and the United States in the first place, have to increase their military spending at a corresponding rate. For the standard supply-and-demand type of economy this course is apparently mori-

bund. We all know that the more goes to the military, the less goes to the public sector. In an open society this sort of thing breeds discontent and may lead to instability if not to the actual collapse of the entire system. In other words, the Soviet Union sees its military build-up as leverage with which it may control the economical and political well-being of its adversaries. This master plan naturally breaks down into a variety of finer points, such as regional advantages, control over oil-fields, congenial trade and political arrangements. In the eyes of the Kremlin, Western economies can withstand this sort of race only up to a certain point, unless of course they pool their resources, which is to be prevented at all costs, and in all guises, be it a peace movement of unilateralist fervour (sovereignty over national defences, etc).

Hence Ignatieff's pitch about nuclear engagement in Europe being the only way to losing peace is a bit off-key. The Soviet Union is not interested in any form of international tranquility if only because that would leave the stage for pure economic competition, with everybody having equal chances, as well as for greater coherence in defence spending. For a country with a centralized economy yet with global ambitions this prospect is somewhat nightmarish. That is, the Soviet Union will gladly participate — nay, initiate — conferences to that effect in Stockholm, Madrid or elsewhere, in the hope that internal divisions among the European nations will eventually remove that folded umbrella from the stalls of the European theatre. Then the Iron Curtain will rise and without much ado Act III will take place. As for those members of the public who ponder the advantages of being red rather than dead, they had better be notified that their calculations are premature: for it is the red themselves who will decide whether you are to stay red or fall dead.

The most interesting thing about a lie (or delusion) is not the motives of its perpetration but the readiness of its audience to believe it. Our ability to swallow it has to do with our instinct for comfort. And the main characteristic of any successful lie is precisely that it makes one feel comfortable: through reducing one's notion of the species' negative potential; that's why we are so often unpleasantly surprised. On the other hand, that's the story of our Western civilization. In this sense, *La Force du verbe* has been reviewed by a highly civilized individual.

AMONG THIS WEEK'S CONTRIBUTORS

- E. Badian is John Moore Cabot Professor of History at Harvard University.
 Roderick Beaton is the author of *Poik Poetry of Modern Greece*, 1980.
 Geoffrey Best is the author of *War and Society in Revolutionary Europe, 1770-1870*, 1982.
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 Peter Habbeshaw's biography of Pope John XXIII will be published this autumn.
 Michael Hofmann's poems have appeared in *Poetry Introduction* 5.
 Christopher Hogwood is co-editor, with Richard Luckett, of *Music in Eighteenth-Century England: Essays in Memory of Charles Cudworth*, 1983.
 Bernard Knox is the Director of the Center for Hellenic Studies in Washington DC.
 A. L. Le Queux's *The Bodyline Controversy* was published last year.
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 Virgil Nemoianu teaches Comparative Literature at the Catholic University of America, Washington DC.
 Jill Neville's novel *Last Ferry to Manly* appeared earlier this year.
 Simon Rae's poems appeared in *Poetry Introduction* 5, 1982.
 Martin Robertson's books include *A History of Greek Art*, 1976.
 John Russell's *The Opera Industry in Italy from Cimarosa to Verdi: The role of the Impresario* was published earlier this year.
 Vivian Salmon is the author of *The Study of Language in Seventeenth-Century England*, 1979.
 Geoffrey Sampson's new book, *An End to Allegiance*, will be published soon.
 Robin Seager is the author of *Tiberius*, 1972.
 Richard Shannon is Professor of Modern History at University College, Swansea.
 C. H. Simon's translation of *The Divine Comedy* was published in 1980.
 Claire Stancil's *St. Martin and his Haglographer* was published last year.
 Philip Thody is a Professor of French Literature at the University of Leeds.
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 Hugh Tinker's books include *The Ordinal of Love: C. F. Andrews and India*, 1980.
 Charles Townshend's *Political Violence in Ireland: Government and Resistance since 1848* appeared last year.
 Gregory Vlasov is currently Distinguished Visiting Professorial Fellow at Christ's College, Cambridge.
 Christoph von Fürst-Haimendorf's books include *Himalayan Adventure*, 1983.
 T. P. Wiseman's *Caesar and His World* will be published next year.

Letters

John Clare

Sir, — Those familiar with John Clare will have registered the inadequacies of John Lucas's review (July 27); those less familiar, who might have liked to share his enthusiasm, will have looked in vain for any critical support for the reiterated claims for greatness; those with scarcely any knowledge at all (and Lucas's strident tone suggests he is addressing the ignorant), deserve more than the warmth that springs from ignorance shared. There are few enough truths in a review littered with half-truths that it is some relief that his opening sentence, announcing its A-Level pedigree, does at least get Clare's dates right.

1) "It is safe to say", Lucas says, "that Clare's first publisher denied the poet his subject-matter, his language, his voice. In the very process of being put into print he was, in a sense, being made invisible." Those qualifications give the game away: it is not at all safe to utter such nonsense. The relationship between Clare and his publishers and patrons was extraordinarily complex; but the bibliographical facts adduced by Lucas for his assertion are fudged. He points out that ten lines went from "Helpstone" and that "Dolly's Mistake" and "My Mary" were omitted; "and out went much besides." The facts are as follows: "The Country Girl" was omitted from the second edition of *Poems Descriptive*; "Dolly's Mistake" and "My Mary" were omitted from the third edition; the fourth edition lost the ten lines from "Helpstone" and two lines from "Dawnings of Genius". There was protracted debate over these cuts and omissions, and Taylor resisted them with considerable determination; in the end powerful patrons like Lord Radstock had their way. But if the result was, for Clare, "invisibility", Keats (whose 1820 volume was also published by Taylor) would have been glad to remain so unseen: his magnificent volume barely sold 500 copies, against Clare's 4,000.

2) Lucas seems to imply that it was Taylor who called Clare "A Northamptonshire Peasant"; Clare gave himself this title (see, for example, *Peterborough MS A2 and A8*).

3) George Deacon gets a pat on the back for recognizing Clare as a great poet, "which is not what Clare's early editors thought, nor is it how his literary advisers regarded him". It would have been absurd if in 1820 John Taylor should have been thinking of Clare's "greatness"; however, he and his partner Hessey, and a host of literary figures of the day, from Lamb to Darley, recognized Clare's value and encouraged him to continue and to produce the kind of poetry of which they knew him capable. The fact that poems like "The Toper's Rant" and "Helpstone Statute" were not included in *The Rural Muse* (1835) is neither here nor there. It is at this point that the argument becomes most elusive: "So it has gone on . . . editors . . . have left out of account many of his greatest poems, simply because those poems, in whole or in part, were never allowed into print in his lifetime." Well, for a start, both these poems (neither of them in any case great — Clare himself called "Helpstone Statute" "an old silly thing") are in the standard two-volume edition of Clare's *Poems*, edited by J. W. Tibble in 1935, which has formed the basis for most later selections until that of Robinson and Summerfield in 1966. Grigson printed "The Toper's Rant" in his 1950 selection.

4) Lucas goes on to lament the omission of "The Pitting" from several selections, including Grigson's. It is, in fact, in Grigson, as well as in Tibble (1935) and Symonds (1908); it is one of the best known of Clare's poems.

5) About "The Fallen Elm" Lucas writes, "As far as I am aware it has been excluded from every subsequent selection of Clare's work" (ie, after *The Rural Muse*). This poem is in Blunden and Porter (1920), Tibble, and Reeves (1954). Lucas then declares, "But there is no point in naming individual poems. Since he has spent much of his review doing just that, it is a strange assertion; but there is indeed no point if you name all the wrong ones."

6) The real point, apparently, is that editors, biographers and critics have gone "out of their way to exonerate Taylor, Hessey, and the rest of that sorry bunch from any suggestion of blame. Yet the truth is that from then until now those who claim to have been acting in Clare's interests are responsible for having pushed him

to the margins." If this is an insult to Taylor and Hessey, it is just as much one to the more recent champions of Clare, such as the Tibbles, Symonds, Grigson, Robinson and Summerfield, Donald Davie, John Barrell, Tim Chilcott, Margaret Grainger. It is an insult to the truth.

7) Lucas eventually makes a few points about Eric Robinson and David Powell's major new edition of Clare's *Later Poems*. Of the line, "I hid my love when young while I . . .", he says that "while" cannot be correct; it should be "ill". Has no one told him that Clare often wrote "while" in the sense of "ill"? Knight, as transcriber, would never have written "while" unless that was the word Clare wrote. The Tibbles recognized this in their Everyman selection of 1965.

8) Lucas rejoices that his hunch about the final line of "The Peasant Poet" is confirmed: "The [not 'A'] poet in his joy"; the Tibbles printed this reading in 1965.

9) Lucas describes two lines from 1845 as "a fragment which I do not remember to have seen before". This is no fragment, but part of a famous nine-line stanza in the long sequence printed as MS110 in *Later Poems*, ed Robinson and Summerfield (1964), p125.

The OET edition of Clare's *Later Poems* is a literary event of some importance. It is sad to see it receive such an irresponsible response in the pages of your journal.

MARK STOREY,
 Department of English, University of Birmingham.

'Radical Tragedy'

Sir, — In his review of Jonathan Dollimore's *Radical Tragedy* (August 17) Graham Bradshaw indicates that he is in agreement with the author that "ideology and metaphysics are deeply rooted in our discourse", but if so, he has a curious way of expressing it when, in the manner of the new criticism, he so readily appeals to the unimpeachable authority of the text. Bradshaw suggests that the sole recourse against a critic with an axe to grind is to insist that closer attention be paid to "character, context, or the given sequence of scenes". The A-Level method will give access to profundity in the text that other approaches cannot reach — although the precise nature of this wisdom can never be specified. Yet this myth of the text as a dazzlingly white intellectual space that confutes all attempts to give it a more partisan coloration is not quite as Melvillian as one might think, since its role, as Jonathan Dollimore suggests, is to create a vacuum that can be unobtrusively filled by the values of Christian humanism.

One suspects that if Graham Bradshaw and other Shakespeareans who have argued in similar vein (Anne Barton, for instance) were to be pressed further they might well concede that their sense of a passage in *Antony and Cleopatra* or *The Merchant of Venice* is not just based on context, so narrowly defined, but is informed by a sense of how the one play relates to others and even — dare we say it? — by some overall and doubtless tendentious view of the period. There is no simple and unproblematic appeal to the text. So it might be more honest, might clear the ground for genuine debate, if our true Shakespeareans were frankly to admit this conflict of interpretations, instead of insisting that they, at least, are able to purge themselves of error by the assiduous practice of close reading.

DAVID MORSE,
 School of English and American Studies, University of Sussex, Falmer, Brighton.

'The Ancient Greeks'

Sir, — Intelligent dialogue between historians of all periods and societies is bound to be mutually fruitful and is often indispensable. I was disappointed therefore that Howard Kaminsky of Florida International University, who is a self-confessed medievalist, failed to provide better arguments for retelling incessantly the narrative of political or public action in ancient Greece — or anywhere else for that matter (Letters, July 20). But since another North American colleague, Robert Phillips of Lehigh University, has sufficiently answered him on that score (Letters, August 17), I confine myself to Kaminsky's perception that my review of John Fine's *The Ancient Greeks* (June 29) was unfair.

Despite the last sentence of his letter, I did

seriously question the merits of the book as an avatar of the traditional genre, on two main grounds. The first was that Fine's focus was not merely political but narrowly political and so distorted what I took to be the proper perspective within which Greek political history should be viewed. In this respect, I noted, there were already in existence traditional textbook histories that were significantly broader in thematic range. My second main reason for doubting the value of the book on its own terms was its bibliographical out-of-dateness. I was careful not to indulge in the old reviewer's trick of accusing the author of not having taken into account work published after the manuscript had been sent to press; but it did seem clear to me that this author had culpably failed to incorporate the results of important and innovative research published well before that date (which I guessed to be about 1980).

These and other criticisms I made reluctantly, because I am only too well aware of the amount of labour that goes into the making of a book half the size of Professor Fine's, and I tried to balance them by stressing what I considered to be the positive features of the work. If anyone is being unfair, therefore, I would respectfully suggest that it is not the author of the present letter. However, should I have failed to persuade Professor Kaminsky otherwise, perhaps he would care to consult a forthcoming review of the same book by another hand in the specialist periodical *Classical Review*. Utterly independently this comes to strikingly similar conclusions.

PAUL CARTLEDGE,
 Clare College, Cambridge.

The Political Jesus

Sir, — Hyam Maccoby's interesting and informative letter (July 27), arising from my review of *Jesus and the Politics of his Day*, raises a general point which comes up time and again in discussion of Jesus in the setting of his times.

One line of scholarship shows how similar he was to other Jewish teachers, another finds distinctiveness at every turn. And of course it is often hard to discover the truth: the evidence of both the Gospels and contemporary Jewish sources is so meagre. It is also coloured by considerations belonging to the subsequent period. Nevertheless, this can surely be said: if one among many teachers leaves deep imprints, then it is unlikely that he taught no more than the common doctrine of his day. In relation to the matter of Jesus' relations with tax-collectors, was the notable and special feature perhaps that he associated with them by his own initiative and without preconditions? If that sounds too modern and leftish soft, then where precisely did his distinctiveness in this matter lie? Certainly, it left a big impression.

J. L. HOULDEN,
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'Appearances of the Dead'

Sir, — I have been away, and have only now seen the *TLS* of August 3, with its slapstick review of R.C. Finucane's *Appearances of the Dead*. I am not sure to what extent the critic is simply summarizing the author's findings, or putting forward his own. Either way the results tend to be inaccurate. Thus, apparitions requesting proper burial of their bodies were recorded long before the Christian era. St Augustine at any rate did not think that only holy martyrs could return to the earth, but believed, like many down the centuries, that as in the modern Chaffin Will case, an ordinary dead relation could get into touch with the living to clear up terrestrial business. The reason why so many medieval apparitions were chronicled by monks is that monks could write and most other people could not — I have no statistics as to the comparative numbers of ghosts recorded before and after "the birth of electricity", but the Archives and Proceedings of the Society for Psychical Research, founded in 1882, contain many well-documented instances, as do G.N.M. Tyrrell's study of *Apparitions* (1943) and Andrew MacKenzie's equally thoroughly researched *Apparitions and Ghosts* (1971) and *Hauntings and Apparitions* (1982).

RENÉE HAYNES,
 The Garden Flat, 41 Springfield Road, London NW8.



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John Clare

Extremely central

Geoffrey Sampson

ADRIAN LEFTWICH
Redefining Politics: People, resources and power
307pp. Methuen. £14 (paperback, £6.95).
0416735908

Politics. Adrian Leftwich believes, is understood too narrowly. People take the word to refer exclusively to "the activities of politicians, parties, parliaments and governments"; but there is politics wherever human beings collaborate or conflict. Politics is not a specialist activity, it is "a defining characteristic of all human groups".

Early chapters of *Redefining Politics* illustrate the point by describing collaborative and conflict-resolving behaviour in groups injured by students of politics in the narrow sense: a Southern African Khoisan tribe, the pre-Columbian Aztecs, British university departments, the staff of the World Bank and others. Later chapters focus on the "politics of inequality": economic relationships between Europe and the Third World, and the contrasts between rich and poor in Britain. Leftwich concludes with a plea for the centrality of politics. It is not technological advance but political change which can cure the pressing problems that confront us; and the necessary changes cannot occur until we start to understand that politics is about more than the doings of parliamentarians.

Who, I wonder, is deceived by the false consciousness which Leftwich takes to be so wide-

spread? True, we often use "politics" as code for a specialized phenomenon relating to control of the apparatus of State, but surely phrases like "university politics", "office politics", "sexual politics" are current enough? Leftwich seems unsure how controversial his thesis is. He says that politics "is usually misunderstood" in the narrow sense, and "most people feel that 'politics' has very little to do with them"; yet he also asserts that "Anyone who works in an institute or organization... will immediately recognize that many of its cooperative activities and disputes are fundamentally concerned with how resources should be used, and by whom and for what purposes. That's politics."

Eventually it appears that Leftwich has in mind one specialized group who are less sophisticated than most of us about the true scope of political activity: his colleagues, teachers of politics as an academic discipline. According to Leftwich, university departments of politics restrict themselves to political philosophy and the description of governments, ignoring politics in the wider sense. That would be regrettable, if it implied that these wider phenomena were academically invisible. But what departments of politics do not study, sociology or anthropology or other departments do.

Despite his title, though, it is not the definition of politics which chiefly preoccupies Leftwich. What he really cares about is arguing in favour of a particular political ideology. For Leftwich, most of what is seriously wrong with British society is the fault of selfish owners of industrial capital, and the sufferings of the Third World are caused by the colonialism and "neo-colonialism" of Western industrialists.

Non-industrial societies, Leftwich concedes, have not always been perfect. The leaders of fifteenth-century Aztec society made a major "mistake" in responding to the material conditions facing them, which included a scarcity of protein: they killed about one per cent of the population annually by ripping the hearts from their living bodies and ate their limbs cooked as a stew with tomatoes and peppers. But the average pre-industrial society, as Leftwich presents it, is an enviable place where "people talk more with each other... They produce their leisure out of the fact of the village community... Children play together... Music is made on traditional instruments... —until the idyll is disrupted by colonial intruders such as the eighteenth-century Britons who "gained a stranglehold" on Indian commerce and inaugurated a "politics of destruction" in that country.

This point of view is familiar. Possibly there is some justice in it. Leftwich, however, adds nothing novel to the standard critiques of Western industrialism. He argues largely by innuendo. "It needs to be said that all Europeans did not in general set out consciously to destroy or underdevelop the world they had sought to 'discover' — implying that many did. "It would of course be absurd to hold the metropolitan Dutch or English wholly responsible for what occurred in South Africa" — but the distinctively objectionable features of South African society have almost nothing to do with the European mother countries. He asserts that it is in the nature of free-market economies to create poverty and unemployment, ignoring, as if it had never been written, the massive literature which offers detailed evi-

dence for the opposite contention. He likes to write about economic forces in boyishly mild tones ("railways were punched across the continent in California, sucking settlers and capital behind them"); but he reveals considerable nuance about economics while accusing others of naivety about politics. For instance, he blames the spread in recent centuries of pellagra (a disease caused by a staple diet of maize) on landlords who boosted their incomes by requiring tenant farmers to grow maize rather than the balanced range of foodstuffs that independent farmers would have preferred to cultivate. Things must have been more complicated than that; if consumer resistance made maize cheap (as Leftwich says it was), then enforced maize cultivation would have lowered landlords' incomes.

It is not clear what sort of book this is meant to be. It begins as a textbook; three pages are devoted to a simple political map of the countries of the world. (Despite this, on p.157 Leftwich mysteriously places Japan in the southern hemisphere.) But the book is far too partisan for that purpose. It mutters into an anti-capitalist tract; but we have had plenty of those, and this one contains little new. Leftwich might have made an original contribution by criticizing the current practice of politics as an academic discipline, but he does not develop that theme.

I should add in fairness that thirty-two pages were missing from the copy of the book supplied to me for review. An enquiry to the publisher about the possibility of a replacement was not answered, so I must judge by what I have read.

aroused in Bertie Wooster by Florence Craye, I am glad to have met her, so to speak, in Kateb's company.

With some suspicion that a great teacher's influence during a lifetime may be in inverse proportion to influence after death (she died in 1975), one wonders: how well will Arendt be remembered ten, twenty, fifty years from now? Philosophers and psychologists then may still find it worthwhile to study her unfinished Gifford Lectures, *The Life of the Mind*, with its penetrating analyses of the nature and tendencies of "Thinking" and "Willing". They will certainly do so if her books retain the powers to surprise and reveal that Kateb delightedly finds in them, not least in these last ones: a "voyage of discovery", he writes, whose "results may be, as the book is slowly absorbed over the years, as unsettling as any she had earlier induced." Historians and political scientists will for many years continue to consider anxiously her analysis, richly interdisciplinary, of totalitarianism, her resourceful diagnosis of the peculiar qualities and manifold shapes of evil in modern times, her particular inquiries into the attractions of violence and the lust to rebel, and the convoluted justifications of civil disobedience wrung out of her by her otherwise highly admired United States government's conduct with regard to Vietnam.

She was always forceful, original and disturbing; sometimes, questionable and pitiful as well. Kateb's critical discussion of the main branches of Arendt's thought gently but firmly prizes open some loose parts, and for most of the time he is persuasive. The starchy rigour of her Greek-founded ideal of politics did prevent her from appreciating as generously as she might have done the virtues of representative democracy. Her unyielding resolve to keep conscience and passion out of political discourse made her case for selective disobedience, more limiting and obscure than it need have been. Modern times are pretty awful and shabby, and humanity's consequently comprehensive experience of alienation is fundamental to everything we now think we know or seek to do; but there are "benign" aspects to our alienation as well as sinister ones, and Kateb makes them out winningly near the close of his chapter on "Modernity".

I find myself plating from, or puzzled by, him at only a few places. One is with regard to his exegesis of Arendt's work on totalitarianism: "That was a terrific book, full of power to inform, startle and alarm, but from historical

s and political-scientific viewpoints it had its odd aspects, which perhaps found their common source in her fixation upon atrocities and genocide as essential characteristics of the phenomenon in question. No doubt she was right to shove Mussolini into the dustbin of her history and to concentrate on the real monsters, Hitler and Stalin, and the real monstrosities: Fascism became National Socialism, and Bolshevism became Stalinism; but the word totalitarianism was invented in Italy, and Fascism was a large part of what she was actually writing about... Mussolini is left with very much the short end of the stick. Never was the play of her mind more idiosyncratic than in that book, and I can't escape feeling that Kateb has been caught in her web. Nowhere does he comment on its oddities nor does he take the opportunity one might have expected to comment on her share in the launching of that

flawed distinction between totalitarianism and authoritarianism which has latterly done such execution in his country's foreign relations.

Lastly: annoyed as any European quadratically must be by the obscurities of the American electoral system, indignant at the way it casts regular fits of paralysis over the conduct of other countries' and the world at large's affairs, and mindful of the fact that well under fifty per cent of the voters normally turn out to vote for their president, I find the lateness of Arendt's conversion to a critical view of her adopted country's politics only more curious than Kateb's love of them. But still, this unusual hook brings the reader to an encounter with not just one fine mind but two; and I am not sure I would not find Kateb the more genial guide through those thickets of politics, conscience and evil which the genius of Hannah Arendt brought so forcibly to our attention.

Power as pictured

Philip Thody

KONRAD R. MÜLLER and MICHEL TOURNIER
François Mitterrand
120pp. Paris: Flammarion, 150 fr.
208 0120182
MICHEL TOURNIER and JEAN-MAX TOUBEAU
Le Vagabond Immobile
109pp. Paris: Gallimard, 75 fr.
207 0700585

François Mitterrand walks through the woods, chats with the peasantry, fondles his dog, breakfasts with his political cronies, listens to the Workers, wears the kind of hat which would have done credit to Lord Emsworth and also makes him look like a cross between André Gide and T. F. Powys; arrives at Dunkirk in the rain, gazes steadfastly into the middle distance, and is happy to have Konrad Müller's somewhat sombre photographs accompanied by quotations from his work in which he claims to have ecological lungs and observes that there is no point in anyone looking for the soul of France since it already inhabits him.

Michel Tournier meditates elegantly on what the title to his introduction calls "Pouvoir de l'image, et images du pouvoir" and gives a brief run-down on how the men of power from Caesar to Giscard d'Estaing have had themselves depicted. Some of his comments are quite interesting, but one wonders what feel-

ings he had in the last week of October, 1962, which inspired him to write in 1983 that "for our own time, the USA have given us with John Kennedy the example of a President whose physical charm still manages to make people forget his disastrous policies" and to add that "at about the same time, the Russians were getting rid of the excellent Mr Khrushchev for reasons in which his poor personal presence certainly played a part".

One longs at times for the Barthes of "Photogénie électroscopique" to dissect the myth of the wise intellectual with his feet well rooted in the peasant soil implicit in this rather splendidly produced book of photographs, just as one is tempted to bring to *Le Vagabond Immobile* something of the iconoclastic approach of the Rambert and Burnier applied in their *Roland Barthes sans peine*. The closing chapter of *Le Vagabond Immobile* already hinted that the slightly unkind remark about Michel Tournier becoming the official poet of the Fifth Republic might have been inspired as much by his readiness to see his handsome face depicted in as many different ways as possible as by the undoubted quality of his work, and *Le Vagabond Immobile* is not without its touches of self-indulgence. Jean-Max Toubreau's sketches are nevertheless more agreeable to look at than Konrad Müller's photographs, and offer some interesting studies of cats as well as some particularly attractive portraits of boys.

The archetype of conflict

Oswyn Murray

GEORGE STEINER
Antigones
316pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
0191226654

Like Teiresias, George Steiner speaks a language that we find hard to understand, because it is the language of prophetic insight, at once alien and strangely familiar, inviting us to consider the real meaning of the surface world which we inhabit. Steiner is a seer not a mystic, because his language and his world of thought belong within a tradition; but he often achieves either that flash of enlightenment or that gasp of incredulity which are the mystic's lot in this sceptic world, because he too is intent on stretching our thought patterns beyond their limits. No contemporary writer can leap higher or fall flatter than Steiner; he lacks all the normal inhibitions which imprison scholarship in its narrow timidities, because he lacks all fear of ridicule and all sense of decorum. Consequently he belongs to no literary faction and speaks for no established cult: his is the truly vital insight of one who has the confidence to claim that he can see better than his fellow men. Ultimately he is not, I think, a literary critic, but a cultural historian; and of all cultural historians he is the one most true disciple of Hegel, believing that there is a pattern and a unifying principle behind all cultural manifestations.

In *Antigones* Steiner returns to the subject of myth and its place in the modern world which he first treated in Chapter Nine of *The Death of Tragedy*. He explores it from three directions. The first is the central role of the Antigone myth in the creation of certain modern myths, in the philosophies of Hegel and Kierkegaard and the poetry of Hölderlin. The second is the nature of modern myth in its relation to the classical tradition. The third is the way the modern reader should approach the canonical text of a myth. In each case Antigone as myth and the *Antigone* of Sophocles are the starting-points for the exploration; so the book is both incidentally and essentially about Antigones. These approaches are decorated with an impressive array of scholarship on the varied manifestations of the Antigone theme in Western culture; but it would be a fundamental misunderstanding of Steiner's purpose to believe that his book is only about Antigones.

He seeks to establish the centrality of mythopoeia, and to show that modern theory derives from myth which is specifically Greek:

There is a demonstrable sense in which metaphorical scenarios of inception, of psychological and sociological genesis, have determined the style and substance of modern psychology, social anthropology, semiotics, and linguistics. The sciences of *l'homme*, as Durkheim and Lévi-Strauss call them, represent a common endeavour to substitute for a metaphysics of "creation" — no longer viable once its theological premises had been eroded — an immanent model of "process". But in this endeavour — and it is this which makes Marx, Freud, Heidegger, the anthropologists, the comparative grammarians and grammatologists (witness Derrida on Plato) such evident heirs to the Renaissance and the Enlightenment — the

Greek 'case' continues to be the crucial one. The matter of Oedipus and of Antigone, the pre-Socratic fragments, Greek social institutions and the theoretic debates which these institutions generated, are the source of the process of western philosophic and social inquiry and give to this inquiry its shorthand. Hence "it is self-evident to Freud that the Greek myths and their enactment in Greek art and literature have given to western culture and symbolic codes their dynamic foundation." For the historicist Jung the archetypes are there because of a former stratum of experience — they belong to the Western collective unconscious. For Lévi-Strauss the Greek myths are examples of the polarities which are a basic element in the logic of myth and in the structure of the human mind.

It is with this last example that problems begin to emerge; for it is surely central to Lévi-Strauss's speculations that they are mythical in a different sense, that they seek to create patterns which are explicitly not derived from Greek myth, but from myth in general: they may then be applied to Greek myth, but they have not been discovered from it. Steiner is entitled to claim that there may be a covert sense in which structuralist theory is not just a myth to explain all myths (including itself), but more precisely a Greek myth; but until he has demonstrated this, he cannot enlist Lévi-Strauss under the banner of Greek mythology. Similarly with Marx: Steiner shows how it was necessary to bend Marxist theory to accommodate Greek myth, to explain its power by the impossible longing of the spirit to return to "the childhood of man". But precisely because this aesthetic theory is so excrecent on the main theory and ultimately not derivable from it, we cannot claim on the strength of it that Marxism is a Greek myth; indeed it is more plausible to claim it as a Greek philosophy.

In such discussions Steiner is of course concerned with why theories take the shapes they do, and whether different theories have common shapes. The strength of his analysis is revealed with the example of Hegel.

Between c. 1790 and c. 1905, it was widely held by European poets, philosophers, scholars that Sophocles' *Antigone* was not only the finest of Greek tragedies, but a work of art nearer to perfection than any other produced by the human spirit. Steiner asks why this is so, and offers a number of interesting possibilities. The heroic and aristocratic virtues of the Enlightenment had demanded Homer as the ultimate expression of man's genius; the age of romanticism saw the world as a realm of tragic conflict, and therefore felt an elective affinity with Athenian tragedy. The French Revolution was the first of a series of events in which the individual was forced to confront the demands of society; it also perhaps granted a moral status to women which made Antigone a possible ideal; as Shelley wrote, "Some of us have in a prior existence been in love with an Antigone, and that makes us find no full content in any mortal tie."

But these historical determinants of a cultural phenomenon merely raise the question, how far was Hegel a spokesman for the *Zeitgeist*: as he himself said, "the philosopher is

necessarily a child of his own time, and his philosophy is that time comprehended in thought". For it is absolutely clear on one level that it was Hegel who created the age of Antigone: it is therefore no coincidence that the dates of that age coincide precisely with the dates of Hegel's own supremacy.

The high point in this book is Steiner's careful pursuit of Hegel's concern with Antigone, from the earliest notebooks to the *Phenomenology of Spirit* (1807); he demonstrates how the turning-point in that work is in essence a commentary on the issues raised by Sophocles' play. In these early essays, Hegel has moved from the recognition of the conflict between man as a state-being and man as a private being, and a belief that the highest form of freedom lies in the community, to an understanding of the individual consciousness whose perception of right is the absolute substance of existence. In *Antigone* the Spirit is made actual: the family is opposed to the state, but the truth that Antigone perceives is that, if the individual belongs to the state while alive, after death he returns to the family. Within the family one relationship stands out, that between brother and sister; for it is the only disinterested relationship, without undertones of continuity or escape, and without sexual connotations. The brother leaves the hearth for the city, but must return in death to the arms of his sister. As Steiner shows, these emphases on Antigone as pure Spirit, on the necessity of her action and on the brother-sister relationship, are obscured in the more famous cynical version of the *Antigone* in the later *Lectures on the Philosophy of Religion*:

The collision between the two highest moral powers is enacted in plastic fashion in that absolute exemplum of tragedy, *Antigone*. Here familial love, the holy, the inward, belonging to inner feeling, and therefore known also as the law of the inner gods, collides with the right of the state. Creon is not a tyrant, but actually an ethical power. Creon is not in the wrong. He maintains that the law of the state, the authority of government, must be held in respect, and that infraction of the law must be followed by punishment. Each of these two sides actualizes only one of the ethical powers, and has only one as its content.

Here modern writers have seized on the claim that Creon is not in the wrong to assert that Hegel's view of *Antigone* derives from his theory of the state; in fact, as Steiner shows, the opposite is true.

With Hegel, Steiner establishes two points. The first is the fundamental importance of Greek myth in the creation of Hegelian philosophy. The second is that Hegel's interpretation of Sophocles' *Antigone* is still the most important and most fruitful step in our understanding of Greek tragedy, despite the fact that it is strictly wrong. "These are assertions nobody will believe", replied Goethe with a smile on March 28, 1827; for Goethe saw that the interpretation which Hegel gave is simply not in the text. But Hegel is contemplating, not the text of the play, but the meaning of the myth, or the meaning through the text. Hegel therefore teaches us how to read the thought, while Goethe defends the supremacy of the word. Everything fundamental that can be said

about Greek tragedy was said in the dialogue between these two views.

It is indeed Hegel not Nietzsche who created the modern attitude to Greek tragedy, and through tragedy to Greek myth. He established the necessity of tragedy as the conflict between two rights, as opposed to the consequence of one act of *hybris*; he thought away plot and character to expose the actor as individual and as pure Spirit; he explained the necessity of the chorus as the consciousness of the audience responding to the conflicts unfolding before them. In all this, which we take far granted, it is clear that Hegel's theory of tragedy derives from the *Antigone*, as Aristotle's theory derives from the *Oedipus Tyrannus*.

The extent of the Hegelian revolution can be judged from a passage which Steiner cites. The Abbé Barthélemy's *Voyage of the Young Anarcharsis* (1778) exhibits all the characteristics of the didactic novel, being popular, influential, tedious and of immense length. The lasseurabla young Scyth arrives at Athens far the season and attends a performance of the *Antigone*: "What a marvellous composite of illusions and realities! I flew to the help of the two lovers... Dissolving into tears, thirty thousand spectators redoubled my emotions and my ecstasy." Strangely, Steiner misinterprets this passage as a sign of awakening interest in the *Antigone*; on the contrary, the play that Anarcharsis sees through his tears is a typical classical French tragedy, where all attention is focused on "les deux amants", on emotional response and ecstasy. Nothing could be further from the Hegelian view of tragedy as idea, and nothing could demonstrate more clearly the debt we owe to Hegel.

Beyond Hegel lie other Antigones. Steiner discusses two at length. For Kierkegaard tragedy embodies the concept of inherited guilt: Antigone is the daughter of a doomed house, the willing bride of death. She exists in solitude because only she knows the secret of her father's sin: not even the dead Oedipus had known it. Now Antigone is in love, and she must choose between revealing her secret to the living and taking it with her to the dead.

Antigone is slain twice over, by Oedipus and by her living lover, Haemon. For Kierkegaard, *Antigone* is a myth of father-daughter relations, not of brother and sister: his Antigone already has an Oedipus complex in 1843 — not surprisingly, since she reflects Kierkegaard's own relations with his father. This wild and ironic misreading is of course an adaptation of the myth in the same sense that Sophocles' account is an adaptation; yet one aspect compels attention, the emphasis on death, and on Antigone as bride of death.

Hölderlin's *Antigone* stands at the limit of the author's sanity and of translation, combining mistranslation and literalism into a religious experience, the reawakening of the gods of Greece: at precisely the same date as the young Hegel, he too saw Antigone in terms of the conflict between two principles, but in paradoxical and mystical form. Creon is the god-lover, the Formal, shape and law, organic; Antigone is Antitheos, aorgic, formless, law-

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less, a figure of frenzy. The young Voss records how this version was received at an evening with Goethe in 1804: "I read the fourth chorus of the Antigone - you should have seen how Schiller laughed." Yet Hölderlin was surely right to see the *Antigone* as religious drama.

These three examples show the different functions of myth: mode of thought, explication of the world, philosophy; autonomous, recreated, psychological; translation as act of creation and religious experience. They demonstrate that myth was indeed alive in the nineteenth century, and that this was the age of Antigone.

Steiner's general discussion of myth in relation to the Antigone myth can be clarified by formulating three objections.

First, does he avoid the error of Aristotle, of taking one instance (Oedipus) as the model for a general theory? We may admit that Antigone is the central myth for the nineteenth century; we may admit that this myth both creates and reflects fundamental changes in the human psyche:

Between the 1790s and the start of the twentieth century, the radical lines of kinship run horizontally, as between brothers and sisters. In the Freudian construct they run vertically, as between children and parents. The Oedipus complex is one inescapable verticality. The shift is tremendous; with it Oedipus replaces Antigone.

In this fine passage, illustrated with a discussion of incest as brother-sister love, Steiner raises fundamental questions about myth as an expression of collective *mentalité*. But he also raises the question, why should we who live in the twentieth century not choose Oedipus rather than Antigone as our model: man's voyage of self-discovery, his refusal to recognize his own guilt, his final descent into night, are more characteristic of our nuclear world soon to end than any conflict between life and death, between community and individual.

Second, there is the danger of Eurocentrism. As Lévi-Strauss perceives, to determine the meaning of myth for the modern world is not properly to determine the meaning of myth for Western man. Yet a theory based on Greek myth is a theory of Western myth only. Steiner records a version of *Antigone* published in Istanbul in 1973, in which Haemon is an engineer championing the cause of the cobalt miners against the capitalist exploiter Creon: already Antigone is losing her status, yet that is Turkey, a self-consciously Western society. Steiner reveals his blindness to this problem when he speculates (against "received opinion") that the Islamic world may possibly have contributed something to the medieval picture of Antigone. What could Antigone mean to Islam? Averroes thought tragedy was panegyric, and the *Oedipus Tyrannus* a poem in praise of a caliph: what would he have made of a panegyric of a woman?

Third, in Steiner's discussion there is the confusion between two Antigones, the Antigone as myth and the *Antigone* as tragedy by Sophocles. For us the Antigone myth is Sophocles' telling of that myth: Steiner makes no serious attempt to separate these two entities, because it is impossible. But in responding to Antigone, are we responding to the power of myth or the power of art? Oedipus of course raises the same problem: indeed it is difficult to point to any living Greek myth which could not be claimed to have gained its power over Western minds through its representation in great literature or art. How does the place of myth in our culture relate to the place of literature?

Steiner in fact quotes Heidegger with approval: "for Western man 'myth itself is Greek'". His theory of myth is therefore unlike other theories, in that it is a theory of how myth patterns one culture; he must concede the possibility of a different relationship in a different culture, and he must also concede the possibility of a general theory of myth explaining its status in all cultures. His purpose is more limited, despite the tone of universalism: "Why it is that Antigone, together with a handful of other figures - Orpheus, Prometheus, Hercules, Agamemnon and his pack, Oedipus, Odysseus, Medea - should constitute the essential core of canonized reference for intellect and sensibility across Western civilization". There are, it is true, a number of later candidates for mythic status - Faust, Hamlet, Don Juan and Don Quixote; but they are held to lack the generative power to inspire successive recreations. It is important to notice how prescriptive this ostensive definition is: it is not only Western, but more importantly secular.

The main body of Western mythology is self-evidently Christian; and none of the myths which Steiner discusses (Antigone included) can be understood without considering their Christian analogues and opposites. The power of secular myth in the Western psyche arises largely from its unofficial, non-Christian status, and from the tensions it creates with received belief: Hölderlin was destined for the Church. Here Steiner commits the ultimate humanist sin of conceiving of a humanism without Christianity: in the understanding of the classical tradition, we must start from this tension between received religion (Christianity or Judaism) and the counter-culture; that is what gives depth to the work of Rudolf Pfeiffer or Aby Warburg. It is a point which Steiner understood better in *The Death of Tragedy*.

This limitation, undiscussed by Steiner, seems to relate to his unwillingness to distinguish between myth and work of art. For Christian myth is embedded in texts normally studied for their religious meaning rather than their literary qualities; and even Steiner's modern candidates for mythic status are incorporated in literary works of art. Steiner is therefore really asking a question about the power of literature, not the power of myth - unless he is saying that in our Western literate culture, literature has replaced myth, has become our mythology. The interpretation of literature as myth is indeed a task for the cultural historian: our culture like other cultures can be at least in part defined through its culture heroes, from Antigone to Anna Karenina. But in that case we cannot privilege the Greeks. Steiner has angled the argument by focusing most sharply on the nineteenth century, which once again emerges as a genuine renaissance, a reworking of the classical past. But can he point to anything in this century to match the importance of Antigone for Hegel? Would he dare connect Socrates and Wittgenstein?

Steiner's own way out of the maze, which is in part of his own creating, will not appeal to many. He suggests that Greek mythology is quite literally the language of our thinking. The grammar, the logic of our discourse is Greek:

The gamut of past and future tenses, of epiphrases and subjunctives, which empower remembrance and expectation, which allow hope and counter-factual supposition to create room for the spirit in the midst of the crowding imperatives of the biological - are organized along Greek lines. In which very phrase the indispensable notion of the "organic" as that which has vital logic of form is Greek through and through. So are the syntax of deduction and of inference, of proof and of negation, which are the alphabet of rational thought. . . . There is, I am persuaded, an underlying sense in which "initial" and determinative Greek myths are myths in and of language, and in which, to turn, Greek grammar and rhetoric internalize, formalize, certain mythical configurations.

Such a claim of course presupposes a view of traditional Greek grammar as the model for European (if not Indo-European) grammatical structures, a view likely to be opposed by almost every current school of linguistics. But it also involves the need to demonstrate in detail the relationship between myth and grammar. Steiner may "read in Narcissus the long history of the demarcation of the first person singular", together with the solicitation and menace of solipsism, of the withering of utterance to monologues, as these are latest in the grammar of the ego"; he may see in the Oedipus theme "the dramatic grammar of uncertain identity". But we wait in vain for any grammatical expositio of Antigone: is she in Hegelian terms the autonomous subject, or the antithesis between subject and object, the active verbal principle? It would be best to say that the theory proposed by Steiner is not yet sufficiently well-formed to be capable of acceptance or refutation.

Steiner has previously dismissed psychological explanations of the power of myth, but these surely still offer the most convincing account of how that power can survive through different cultural manifestations, yet be limited to one cultural tradition. Greek myth is particularly well articulated in certain areas, notably those of incest and family relations as embodied in the Western type of family: it is surely natural that the nineteenth-century fascination with the brother-sister relationship, and our own with the parent-child relationship, should make us respond to Antigone and Oedipus. In a quite different way from our response to Aeneas or Enkidu, I think in fact that Steiner has answered his own questions, both why

Greek myth, and why the Antigone especially, in his lucid characterization of Sophocles' text: It has, I believe, been given to only one literary text to express all the principal constants of conflict in the condition of man. These constants are fivefold: the confrontation of men and of women; of age and of youth; of society and of the individual; of the living and the dead; of men and of gods.

How could such a work not possess mythic status?

In the last chapter Steiner turns his attention to Sophocles in order to show how we may read the *Antigone* today. He follows his five themes through the text with care and sobriety; but I find this chapter disappointing in comparison with the intellectual excitement generated in the rest of the book, because it lacks the same audacity and the same leaps of thought. Steiner is too concerned with expert opinion; yet he is surely capable of being more interesting than any professional: hidden beneath his discussion one senses a genuine neo-Hegelian interpretation of the play. In an area where both reviewer and author are trespassers I take two examples.

Steiner is particularly fascinated by the mechanisms of transmission and the uncertainties of the text. At times he seems to treat the ambiguities that arise from our inability to determine what Sophocles actually wrote as intrinsic to the text; yet if there is one postulate demanded of the textual critic it is that there does exist a correct reading, that two variants cannot both be Sophoclean. At this point one longs for a Steinerian theory, to relate this problem to our confusion over Hegel, Kierkegaard and Hölderlin. For is not every reading a corruption, and are not the corruptions in our texts fragmentary traces of the work of a hundred Byzantine Hölderlins, whose work may have their own value as readings of *Antigone*? As every librarian knows, the only true way to protect a text, to prevent contamination of its meaning, is to prevent its being read at all.

It is Steiner's treatment of the choruses that disappoints me most: with sensitivity and scholarship he takes the theories of modern critics, which seek to relate the symbolism of the choral odes to the action in the play, and tries

Protoattic pots

John Boardman

SARAH P. MORRIS
The Black and White Style: Athens and Aegina
In the Orientalizing Period
134pp. Yale University Press. £27.
0300030649

There is one bad hiccup in the triumphant history of the development of Athenian art from the Geometric period of the eighth century ac, with its great painted burial vases which typify for us the Greek Geometric style, to the Parthenon in the fifth: it is in the seventh century - no significant architecture or sculpture, and few vases worth a second look until near the end of the century. The only apparent reprieve lay in a number of rather oddly decorated vases, with large figures upon them, some depicting myth, which were taken for Attic and called "Protoattic" since they could be associated with vessels of roughly similar character in Athens. The trouble was that most of them were found in the nearby island of Aegina and there has always been a lingering suspicion that they were made there, a suspicion reinforced by an Aegioan letter form which appears in the inscription painted on one of them.

The problem is of a type much loved by archaeologists of this period since it exercises judgment of style with views about the importance of find-place, or letter forms, or clay composition, and there can be no decisive answer until someone finds a kiln with a misfired vase of the glass in question lying on the rubbish-tip beside it. Were they all exported from an Athenian workshop, one of whose painters learned his letters in Aegina? Were they made in Aegina by Athenians, or Aeginetans, and with local, or imported clay? At least the last question can be answered and one of the vases which the new study assigns to Aegina has in fact been analysed and found to be of a clay more like Attic than anything, but then it was found neither in Athens nor Aegina but in Argos.

to relate these theories to his own conception of the basic themes. How much further he would have seen if he had followed Hegel's account of the relation between solers and chorus:

These elementary universal beings (the characters) are at the same time self-conscious individuals - heroes, who place their consciousness into one of these powers, and in it determine the actuality of these powers. This universal individual descends again . . . to the immediate reality of existence and presents itself to a crowd of spectators who have in the Chorus their counterpart, or rather their own thought expressing itself. . . . (The chorus) lacking the power of the negative, is unable to hold together and to subdue the riches and varied abundance of the divine life, but lets it all go its own separate ways, not to its reverential hymns it extols each individual moment as an independent god, first one and then another.

Hegel is surely right to recognize the chorus as distinct from the action on the stage, however that action is conceived.

As exegete, Steiner possesses the rarest quality of all: he creates in his reader the will to thought. In consulting other interpretations alongside his, I have come to realize the impact that this book has had on me, and is likely to have on others. Steiner recalls his first introduction to the *Antigone*, under an eccentric Greek teacher at the French Lycée in New York during the Second World War, a teacher whose response to *Antigone* was conditioned by a love of Descartes and seventeenth-century metaphysics. I was made to learn the *Antigone* by heart under a nineteenth-century aesthetic these fond myopias are now dispelled. Steiner is incomparably the most learned and most provocative guide one could desire; and how much we have to hope for from a Hegelian revival. Significantly Steiner stops short at the point where Antigone now stands; far today she is above all a symbol in the liberation of women, a symbol which indeed demands a Hegelian interpretation, in the conflict between male and female principles of social organization. As Steiner well understands, the age of Oedipus is over, and the age of Antigone returns.

Moreover, vase-painters were footloose and there are many foreign-looking inscriptions and names on later Athenian vases. It certainly looks as though Athens was in a bad way from about 700 ac, with a drought and loss of population which was perhaps the result of disease, but this need not remove all possibility of a few potters producing some decent vases, and sending them to Aegina; and the drought seems to have been remarkably selective and confined to the microclimate of Attica.

Sarah P. Morris takes a rather different tack. She tries harder than most have hitherto to distinguish the work of individual painters. This is always a good idea since it removes the subject from vague considerations of style and shape and brings it down to real people who learned, copied, taught, travelled, died. The result is that nearly all of the Aegina find is declared the work of no more than about half a dozen painters, closely interrelated in their styles and interests. The so-called "Black and White Style", which is the hallmark, is distinguished enough to the big silhouette figures with outline-drawn faces, and other areas either outline-drawn or overpainted in white. If these painters' works were only found in Athens there would be a strong presumption in favour of them working on the island; but with roughly a third of their attributed works found in the Athens there must be some doubt whether this approach to determining their homes is at all decisive. Miss Morris offers a persuasive account of Aegina's commercial importance and probable wealth in the seventh century. This would not, however, have obliged it to produce its own figure-decorated pottery in vases from Athens and Corinth were readily available, and if it did, for barely a generation it is odd that the origins and succession of its potters' work are to be sought only in Attica and not in Aegina itself. We suspect judgement, and thank the author for making us look closely again at such an interesting vase and for restating the problems they pose.

Interpreting the temple

Martin Robertson

JOSEPH COLEMAN CARTER
The Sculpture of the Sanctuary of Athena
at Priene
307pp, plus 1 colour and 27 black-and-white plates. Society of Antiquaries, in association with British Museum Publications. Distributed by Thames and Hudson. £48.
0500990387

An inscription on the architrave of the temple at Priene records that it was dedicated to Athena Polias by Alexander the Great. Three hundred years later it was rededicated to Athena and Augustus; and about that time Vitruvius mentions it as a work of Pytheos, architect also of the Mausoleum at Halicarnassus, and tells us that the architect had written a treatise on it. Pausanias mentions the beauty of its statue of Athena. The site has been visited by Europeans since the seventeenth century and the visible remains were recorded by the Society

of Dilettanti in the mid-eighteenth and early nineteenth century. The same society sent an expedition under R. P. Pullan to excavate the sanctuary in 1869-70; and some of the sculptural and architectural finds then made were brought to the British Museum through the generosity of John Ruskin. Pullan published a summary account of his excavation in *Antiquities of Ionia IV* (1881), which was supplemented in V (1915) by Lethaby who made some use of Pullan's notebooks; and the British Museum material was included, with almost no illustration, in A. H. Smith's *Catalogue of Sculpture 2* (1900). German scholars, who excavated the city in the late nineteenth and early twentieth century, made further exploration of the sanctuary, which had been heavily looted since Pullan's time.

It seems clear that the temple was unfinished when Alexander dedicated it, but the date or dates of its completion and the date and purpose of relief-sculptures found within it have remained matters of great uncertainty and dis-

Reading the pictures

B. F. Cook

WARREN G. MOON (Editor)
Ancient Greek Art and Iconography
346pp. University of Wisconsin Press. £47.50.
02900230X

There is more to Greek archaeology than digging holes in Greece, and the methods appropriate to investigating a sophisticated, literate and artistic culture are not restricted to those available to the prehistorian. A red-figured Athenian pot found in Etruria has something to tell us about the culture not only of the people who bought and buried it, but also of those who made it. The disciples of history and art history have long played their part in the investigation; more recently structural anthropology and sociology have joined in - not always with beneficial results. The papers under review were delivered at a symposium on Ancient Greek Art and Iconography held at the University of Wisconsin Institute for Research in the Humanities in 1981. In the same year a British Museum Colloquium concentrated on the iconography of Sophistic vases; *Image et céramique grecque* was the theme at Rouen in 1982; and iconography was included in the symposium on Greek and related pottery in Amsterdam earlier this year.

The Wisconsin symposium was not restricted to vases but ranged from second-millennium Thera frescoes through classical sculpture and terracottas to the relationship between Greek iconography and the Gospel. The Macedonian coins studied by N. G. L. Hammond include portraits of Alexander I and Philip II wearing the royal diadem. This important observation contributes to the growing evidence that this royal tomb excavated by Minotimos Andronikos at Vergina is indeed that of Philip II: the presence of a diadem can no longer be cited as an indication that the tomb postulates Alexander the Great's conquest of Persia.

The variety of approach to questions of iconography, even when limited to vases, testifies to the vitality of this rather specialized field of research. The traditional end of the spectrum is represented by conventional presentations of vases previously unknown, with descriptions of shape and decorative attributions to hands and interpretations of the scenes depicted. Another traditional theme, which has generally excited much interest in recent years, is the attempt to conjure up from rather slender evidence an impression of the long-lost wall-paintings described by authors like Pliny and Pausanias. For the fourth century ac the Tomb of Philip II sheds much light in a hitherto obscure area; but for the sixth and fifth centuries there is little visual evidence apart from the vase paintings. In her excursion in the well-trodden field of fifth-century Athenian painting Beth Cohen explores their relationship to literature. While D. A. Amyx carries the torch and the darker territory of sixth-century Corinth. Another traditional approach has been the

relationship between Greek art and literature. Barbara Fowler's comparison of Pindar's poetic method with black-figure vase-painting perhaps casts more light on Pindar than on contemporary artists, but is a welcome reminder of the unity of archaic culture. Gloria Pinney reappraises the iconography of "Scythian archers", but her attempt to relate them to Alkaios' description of Achilles as "Lord of Scythia" did not convince everyone. Nor will Andrew Stewart's intricately structured interpretation of the imagery of the François vase, although more credence will perhaps be given to his suggestion that it and other near-contemporary representations of its main subject (the marriage procession of Peleus and Thetis) may derive from a public recitation (rather than the written text) of an ode by Stesichorus.

New stones for the cairn of scholarship must be fashioned with knowledge and patience. Too much speculative polish, however, can make additions to the edifice unstable, and the Wisconsin symposium had its share of elegant narratives embellished with masses of corroborative detail that somehow fail to achieve conviction or even verisimilitude. At the Amsterdam symposium John Boardman characterized structuralism as "a dying creed" and at Wisconsin he gave a timely warning against the tendency to speculation that has recently become so fashionable. Warren Moon, who organized this symposium and edited this publication of its proceedings, echoes the warning, criticizing in particular the "political" interpretation of the subject-matter of Greek vase-painting and especially the supposed use of the vase-paintings as a medium of propaganda by the Pisistratids. The equation of the apotheosis of Herakles with the coup of Pisistratus in the early 550s goes back to a memorable lecture given by Boardman in 1971, and it is perhaps a pity that his eventual publication omitted the punch-line of the spoken version: "If you believe that, you'll believe anything." H. A. Shapiro's contribution to the search for Pisistratus on black-figured vases is hedged about with so many caveats as to leave some doubt whether the author believes it himself.

Speculation for its own sake is one of the less desirable aspects of contemporary scholarship. Too often one is left with the impression that the ancient artist would not have recognized the intentions and concepts attributed to him by the modern critic. The same must be true of some of the speculations currently being made here and elsewhere, especially by those with particular axes to grind, including the Amazonian battle-axe of the feminist approach to scholarship. How else to explain Eva Keul's projection into the mind of the ancient artist of her own inability to distinguish between mirrors and distaffs shown on Greek vases? In this respect a plot involving the "economic exploitation of women as a cheap source of labour", even scenes where men molest or solicit women making a rare public appearance to draw water are interpreted as evidence that it was the right of women at work (rather than the women themselves) that was the main spring of erotic fantasy.

German scholars are working on an architectural history of the building, and Joseph Coleman Carter's observations on this are provisional; but he has for the first time made full use of Pullan's notes and photographs (incidentally revealing Pullan as a conscientious excavator with a surprisingly modern approach). Carter appears to have finally settled the question of the nature and date of the reliefs, in a way which is of the first importance for the whole history of the building.

The sculptures fall into four groups: scanty remains of the colossal statue of Athena, which was mainly in perishable materials, only face, arms and hands, and feet being of marble and these only surviving in scraps; shattered fragments of small-scale reliefs of fine quality, likewise found within the temple, which show centaurs of Geds and Giants (and perhaps also of Greeks and Amazons); larger reliefs of single figures found round the altar opposite the east front; and dedications, some from within, some from outside the building. Many find-spots are unrecorded, but the temple perished by fire and earthquake, and much of the sculpture found within shows signs of burning.

The cult-statue and its base were certainly erected in the second century ac, and the dedications run from the fourth ac to the second ac. The small reliefs were at first thought to be from a frieze, though one too small to be from round the outside of the building, where there certainly was not one. An attempt to make them a subordinate frieze on the altar ignores find-spots and only darkens the counsel. In 1937 Praschmker suggested that they were from ceiling-coffers; and Carter now demonstrates conclusively that this little regarded observation is in fact correct. As to date, Furtwängler argued that their style showed influence from the huge frieze with the same subject on the altar of Zeus at Pergamon, and so they must belong to a late phase of temple-building; and this has remained orthodox. Earlier scholars had noticed similarities to the sculptures of the Mausoleum, and Carter now shows by detailed

comparison that this must be where they belong. Figured reliefs on ceiling-coffers are very rare in Greek architecture. The earliest known are in fact from the Mausoleum itself, where they were placed in the surrounding colonnade, one to each intercolumniation. The deep coffering-structure employed produces what is in effect a corbelled vault, and it was surely used in the Mausoleum, as Carter points out, to help distribute the weight of the stepped pyramid above; and he suggests, with every probability, that the architect Pytheos, having made this structural innovation in an exceptional building and adorned it with decorative reliefs, adapted and refined it in the same position on the canonical temple at Priene for purely aesthetic ends. There is no space to discuss Carter's very interesting detailed studies of these fragments, nor the equally important work he has done on the cult-statue and the altar, of which he has identified new fragments.

The most aesthetically viable object from the sanctuary is a beautiful statue (84; its head lost) of a long-robed figure formerly called a young girl but by Carter, probably rightly, a charioteer. The severity of the long folds recalls early fifth-century work, and this has led the reviewer to date it in the later Hellenistic age when there is a strong classicizing trend. He is, however, convinced by Carter's rejection of this date in favour of the earliest phase of the temple's use, by comparison with pieces from the Mausoleum and Delphi. He cannot, though see it as even "just possible" that this under life-size figure was combined in a single chariot-group with the almost twice life-size 85, whose fine head is inseparable in style from the greatest statues from the Mausoleum. Carter plausibly identifies this as Ada, dynast of Halicarnassus and closely associated with Alexander, who may have begun the temple.

This is a really important book, and I wish I had had the benefit of it when writing my history of Greek art.

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FERGUS MILLAR and ERICH SEGAL (Editors)
Caesar Augustus: Seven Aspects
 221pp. Oxford: Clarendon Press. £18
 (paperback, £7.95).
 01981-48518

The bicentenary of the birth of Caesar Augustus fell in 1938, and was celebrated – particularly in Fascist Italy – with enthusiastic hagiography. The following year, just on the outbreak of war, Ronald Syme's *The Roman Revolution* was published, and from then on Augustus could never be quite the same again. "Caesar's heir was no longer a rash youth but a chill and mature terrorist. . . . The last of the dynasts prevailed in violence and bloodshed. . . . From first to last the dynasty of the Julii and the Claudii ran true to form, despotic and murderous." In one of the very few works of history which are also literary masterpieces, Syme brought to his high and sombre theme of anarchy and despotism a combination of detail, insight and narrative brilliance which remains not only unmatched but unapproached. It is astonishing to reflect that he was only thirty-six when the book was published.

what is known of the *Autobiography*, he moves on to the *Res Gestae*, attacking the Mommsen-Dessau thesis that the inscription, with its emphasis on bread and circuses, was aimed primarily at the urban populace of Rome. How many of them could read it, even if they wanted to? Yavetz prefers to associate it with Augustus' care for the indoctrination and physical training of the younger generation – a list of noble *exempla* for the educated *iuventus* to follow. That seems to me much too restricted, and based on a misconceived notion of the inscription itself as the main vehicle of Augustus' message. The ancient world listened to the spoken word much more than we can readily imagine: everything from lost-property notices to daily news bulletins and governmental edicts was read to a listening audience, with the written record as secondary for most people's purposes as the score of a musical performance. Augustus reached his subjects by the voice of the crier in the market-place, and his statement of his achievements was surely meant for them all, not just the literate élite,

After the slightly shinky start, the text settles down to a succession of really first-class performances. Fergus Millar attacks the question of Augustus' "monarchy" by asking how it was perceived in the communities of the Roman empire – or at least, those from which documentary evidence survives. Emilio Gabba reviews the judgments passed by the Greek and Roman historians on Augustus' achievement, emphasizing the more favourable view of the cosmopolitan Greeks against the hostile "Roman-republican" perspective of Tacitus. Claude Nicolet contributes an analysis of Augustus' use in government and administration of the propertied classes of the empire, and the attitude of his regime to wealth and property. Werner Eck documents the way Augustus controlled the Roman senators' competitive pursuit of glory, as represented in honorific statues, monuments and the triumph. Glen Bowrscock reveals the power struggle in the cities of Greece as the factions backing Tiber-

ius or Gaius as Augustus' successor reciprocally rose and fell. Jasper Griffin looks at the Augustan poets, the limits of their independence and how they came to terms with the difficult fact that 'a request from Augustus was a different thing from a request from anybody else'.

A valuable aspect of the collection is its internationality. The notes to Gabba, Nicolet and Eck will steer the English-speaking reader to important bibliography he might otherwise have missed. And in that context it is only just to thank the translators – Michael Crawford, Erich Segal and Anthony Birley – whose labours have helped to make a very readable book.

It would be invidious to single out any of these excellent papers for special praise. But it may be worth drawing attention to Millar's very useful concentration on new evidence (a dozen or so of the inscriptions and papyri he cites are too recent to appear in Ehrenberg and

The making of money

Michael Crawford

W. SZAIVERT
Die Münzprägung der Kaiser Tiberius und
Calus
 68pp. Vienna: Oesterreichische Akademie der
 Wissenschaften.
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JEAN-BAPTISTE GIARD
Le Monnayage de l'atelier de Lyon
152pp. Wetteren: Editions Numismatique
Romaine.

C. H. V. SUTHERLAND and R. A. G. CARSON
(Editors)
The Roman Imperial Coinage: Volume I,
from 31 ac to AD 69
304pp. Spink. £50.
0907605 09 5

Jones's collection of Augustan documents, and to the fact that Eck's subject is itself a novelty: despite the importance of "self-representation" in a competitive ideology, no systematic account of it has been published before. His contribution ties in well with Griffin's, revealing a significant development towards more direct control after the twenties BC. The Secular Games in 17 really did inaugurate a new age.

This book is the result of a project well conceived and very well carried out. Far more than just a collection of honorific essays, it is a substantial contribution to an important subject. And when in due course P. A. Brunt (Syme's successor, and Miller's predecessor, in the Camden chair at Oxford) brings out *his* book on Augustus, yet another dimension will have been added to our understanding of "the least honest and the least Republican of men", that elusive autocrat who presided over the most critical period in the history of Rome.

issue by issue, noting the identities; but the collection of material, although lavishly and luxuriously presented, is very far from completed and it is still impossible to discover how big any of the early imperial coinages of Lyon actually were.

The study of the coinage of the early Empire is in many respects still where it was in 1923, when the first edition of *Roman Imperial Coinage* I was published. Sutherland's replacement volume is much better, but it is still very much the same kind of animal. It is clearly rational to deal only with the mainstream coinage, rather than with all the coinage produced in the Roman world under the first emperors. With the late Colin Kraay, Sutherland had in any case already made a brave step in this direction with the catalogue of all the coins produced under Augustus now in the Ashmolean Museum. And Andrew Burnett and Michel Amandry now plan a corpus of all the coinage produced under Roman auspices between Sulla and Nero.

But it has to be said of the second edition of *Roman Imperial Coinage I* that there have been some odd decisions on what to include and exclude; thus I cannot understand why the little bronzes produced in Gaul without reference to any other authority by Germanus Intudilth I are included and the asses of Copsa (later Lugdunum) and Vienna excluded. In general, the introduction to the volume has a somewhat old-fashioned air. There is not now and never has been any good evidence to attribute any of the precious metal coinage of Augustus to mints in Spain, and if one is not persuaded by Giard's attribution of at any rate some of it to Gaul, one had better remain agnostic for the time being. But the principal characteristic, and merit, of the volume is as a lucid and careful presentation of the different issues of the coinage of the early Empire; with a full critical apparatus and thirty-two black-and-white plates. As such it should serve historians and archaeologists well for the next sixty years or more.

Rome and the Greek East to the Death of Augustus, edited and translated by Robert E. Sherk (181pp., Cambridge University Press, £20, paperback £7.95, 0 521 249953), is Volume Four in the series *Translated Documents of Greece and Rome*, edited by E. Badian and Professor Sherk. It contains 112 items of source material, much of it not otherwise easily accessible in English, relating to Rome's involvement in Greek affairs from the end of the third century BC, the annexation of Macedonia, Greece and Asia and political and diplomatic activity on both sides. Passages from major authors such as Polybius and Livy are not reprinted (though referred to appropriately), but the selection includes treaties, honorary and royal decrees, Roman governors' letters, laws and legal decisions, reports of athletic contests and the minutes of an audience given by Augustus. *Roman Cities* by Pierre Grimal (355pp., University of Wisconsin Press, \$30, paperback \$12.50, 0 299 08930 4) is a translation and edition with a descriptive catalogue, by G. Michael Woloch of *Les villes romaines* published thirty years ago.

Memorable deeds remembered

CHARLES WILLIAM FORNARA
The Nature of History In Ancient Greece and Rome
Bopp. University of California Press. £17.60
0520049101

W. ROBERT CONNOR
Thucydides
Happ. Princeton University Press. £27.70.
0681015605

C.W. Fornara's remarkably concise and illuminating study of ancient historiography begins by examining the characteristics and relationships of five kindred genres: genealogy, ethnography, history, geography and chronography. He makes a plausible case against Jacoby's claim that what the Greeks called history was limited to *Zelgeschichte* and more generally against the same scholar's attempt to impose an overall pattern of development connecting all five genres. Nothing in genealogy need have arisen to history, nor must we suppose that Herodotus invented the genre, though expansion of the topic of the king-list made that element of ethnography increasingly historical, while ethnographies were of course interpolated into history. For nara rightly agrees with Jacoby that Dionysius' early date for the origin of historiography is an error based on its apparently primitive style, but argues that it sprang, not from the desire to give one's native city a place in Greek history (for which ethnography was too parochial), but rather from the general movement to systematize unfamiliar knowledge. Thus it was akin to ethnography and chronography.

History proper began with Herodotus, whose view to Hecataeus both his interest in ethnography and geography and his method of enquiry. But Fornara is surely right to insist that Herodotus' real model was Homer. The broadening of the Herodotean and Thucydidean view to monograph into *Hellenica* was the work of the continuators of Thucydides. Their *own* growing concentration on the deeds of single individuals, in response to Alexander and the Hellenistic monarchies, while the emergence of universal history met an inevitable need for synthesis. Fornara has cogent things to say about histories of Sicily, which are not to be classed with ethnography and are a much more likely model for the early historians of Rome than eastern ethnographies. He also offers an entertainingly effective defence of the 'topical' arrangement affected by Ephorus, which, as he says, has been adopted in almost all modern works of similar nature, e.g. the *Cambridge Ancient History*.

The sporadically defining characteristic of history for the Greeks was research, which made it a full-time job, not a hobby for politicians. The easier qualification of privileged knowledge gained by personal participation was more a Roman notion, encouraged by Rome's ruthlessly self-centred outlook. All typical of Greek history were its lack of polemicism and its striving for neutrality, another debt to Homer. On bias at Roman Forums is less assured. To say that Roman official writers were "theoretically and practically appalled by the nature of the new regime" merely to skim the surface of Tacitean doubt about, while Velleius' honest and comprehensive approval deserves better than a passing insult. Nor were earlier Roman historians necessarily as impartial as Pomarius claims. To write on Pandius must be *non liquet*. Sallust's *synkrisis* of Caesar and Cato is official: the mere fact that Cato is treated as second proves, by the rules of the genre, superiority – while Livy's views on popular tribune strong, though not unthinking, history. In the explanation of historical events Herodotus again reveals a close relationship with Homer. Later, environmental theory and circumstances changed, the personality of leading individuals acquired a prominent role. Polybius explained the Roman conquest of the world in terms of Rome's superior government, and later events brought a gallant obsession with the causes of decline, giving emphasis on *metus hostilis* and expansion of moral fibre by luxurious living. The definition of history remained constant. The memorable deeds of men" (the contrasted passage of Aristotle's *Poetics* is well cited

sed), though opinions as to what was memorable sometimes varied slightly. In history impartial presentation was so fundamental that it did not need to be asserted. Autobiography and memoirs had greater licence, but Fornara shows that Cicero's letter to Lucceius does not prove that partiality was condoned in the monograph; rather the contrary. Velleius is again unfairly treated, but degeneration under the empire is well illustrated by Verus' commission to Fronto. The original purpose of history was to impart knowledge for its own sake: Fornara argues well against the notion that Thucydides was offering lessons for statesmen.

study character in its own right, while decline was also signalled by the growth industry of compilations and epitomes.

This book will add greatly to our understanding of what ancient historical writers were doing. It shows that they were on the whole much more reliable than is usually supposed, and that, despite our pretensions, the principal difference between them and us is that most of them wrote a good deal better.

W. R. Connor's book is an exceedingly strange one. In a terrifying preface he tells how his first reading of Thucydides was, as he later came to realize, distorted by his (somewhat



A bronze race-horse and boy-jockey of the late third or second century BC, recovered in two parts from the sea off Cape Arienisium, the foreparts of the horse and the rider in 1928, the rear of the horse in 1937. The source and junction of the group are uncertain. It is reproduced from the Platosio Volume VII Part I of 'The Cambridge Ancient History' (207pp. Cambridge University Press. £15.0521 243548).

The first field in which history proffered instruction was the ethical, thanks to Xenophon, and the assignment of praise and blame was established practice by the end of the fourth century. Again the much maligned Ephorus cogently defended. Polybius first claimed to write paradigmatic history in the political sphere, and Fornara is probably right to see Roman influence here. The process culminates in Tacitus' monument to misgovernment, though something should have been said here about the very plausible view that his deepest aim was to show the workings of *damnatio in rem Romanam*. Nor was the consular historian immune to the temptations of sensationalism (to which Fornara adverts), as the preface to the *Histories* makes plain. In those happy days history was allowed to give pleasure, a theme which draws from Fornara an important discussion of Duris, who, he argues, was the originator of the theory that the pleasure peculiar to history was surprise inspired by the workings of chance, which Duris saw evidenced in Thucydides. (This last point need not be invalidated by a belief that Duris' reading of Thucydides was, therefore, somewhat blinkered.)

The treatment of speeches in ancient historical writing offered a reasoned defence of the honesty of most historians, not just Thucydides and Polybius. Speeches were "deeds", and the demand for accurate reporting applied. Fornara rightly stresses the great similarities rather than the "trifling differences between versions in such vital test cases as Tacitus's rewriting of the *tabula Euglandensis* and Cicero's and Sallust's texts of Lentulus's letter. Here, as in other fields, major corruption came only with the Roman annalists. In conclusion Fornara considers the relationship between history and other genres. History was objective; poetry and oratory subjective; but history owed a good deal to drama, while epic poets such as Apollonius and Lucan borrowed much of their technique from history. Memoirs, dialogue and the Utopian novel also lacked history's objectivity. Fornara suggests that political memoirs were a Hellenistic phenomenon; for politics are absent from the *Anabasis*; this is not entirely true, for Xenophon shows the Ten Thousand functioning as a quasi-polity whenever possible. The most serious challenge to history came from biography, whose more preoccupations made historians more ready

innocent) notions about what his own country was doing at the time. These led him into such bizzarre beliefs as that Athens after the Persian invasions assumed the leadership of the free world. (Hollow laughter from the non-supplying subject-allies of the US. . .) Hence his present aim: to read Thucydides without preconceptions of any kind (surely impossible), and at the same time to emphasize the contribution that the reader must make to the reality of the work. Whether this reader is ancient or modern, scholar or general (in either sense) is not made clear. Rather strangely he seems to be assumed to combine almost total previous knowledge of the detailed course of the Peloponnesian War with almost total ignorance of ancient literary theory and

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A taste for annexation

E. Badian

A. N. SHERWIN-WHITE
Roman Foreign Policy in the East 168 BC to AD 1
352pp. Duckworth. £29.50.
07156 1682 X

Roman foreign policy is an elusive entity at best. In the second century BC and into the first, it is (one may fairly say) the policy of the Senate, though gradually less unchallenged. After 31 BC it is wholly the policy of Augustus. In between, amid the disintegration of the traditional *res publica*, there are, increasingly, the personal policies of individual dynasts. Pompey the Great, in the East, was free to make war, peace and treaties as he saw fit, and he demanded ratification of all his arrangements without discussion. When the Senate drew the line at that, he was willing to pay Caesar his price to get it done by the people. And much of the time, as the history of attitudes to Egypt shows, even traditionalist senators in the late Republic would no longer co-operate sufficiently to form a public policy.

There is a more basic ambiguity. Unlike more recent states, Rome, in this period, did not neatly distinguish between foreign and domestic. (Perhaps some aspects of the Indian Empire are comparable.) The question of whether client princes and cities – all or some of them – were inside or outside the empire has been interminably debated by German scholars of legalistic temperament, but there is no answer to it because it is not, in its context, a meaningful question. Foreign policy untidily overlaps with administrative policy and, as Roman power expands, tends to be absorbed into it.

A. N. Sherwin-White is not, however, very conscious of conceptual difficulties. The title of the book is, by any standards, a nuisance. "The East" is largely confined to Asia Minor, the centre of his own interest. There is nothing about Greece and Macedonia – not even the events that led to their annexation after 150 BC – except, incidentally, when Mithridates invades them from Asia. There is little about relations with the Seleucids except for the Judean question (another of Sherwin-White's interests); and Egypt is dealt with in a few desultory pages. Relations with free cities receive hardly any connected attention, except in so far as they enter into the chapter on "Greek Attitudes". Relations with client princes in Asia Minor are treated in great detail down to about Caesar, when the author loses interest. In an area of whose importance we have been repeatedly reminded, Cappadocia, Archelaus, monarch for half a century after his installation by Antony, receives, (unless I have missed him) no mention at all. Nor does the making of foreign policy in Rome in this period.

The main topic, in fact, is not so much foreign policy (though foreign relations are treated) as military and strategic history. Detailed analysis of campaigns, battles and marches – the Mithridatic War in Greece; Lucullus and Pompey in Asia; Crassus and Antony against Parthia – takes up about a quarter of the book and is the best part of it. Unfortunately – and

here the publisher must share the blame – it is all very difficult to follow because of the failure to provide adequate maps. Three tiny maps (we are not told on what scales, but all small and different) cover (characteristically) only Asia Minor, providing the names of about three dozen cities. The vast majority of the battery of strange names to which we are exposed, from Acilense to Zela, are nowhere to be found, any more than the rest of "The East" of the title. The book, of course, is neither intended nor suitable for the general reader. But even the student is unlikely to persevere in the face of such obstacles.

Scholars will be further impeded by other defects, again in part the publisher's responsibility. There are hundreds of misprints, some disconcerting. The index is of limited use: containing puzzling oddities (eg, "Magie, D., on kings, 52"), yet omitting many times more material than is entered. Events in Judaea may provide a random specimen: there are no entries for Alexander (2), Alexandra (Salome), Antigonus, Antipater, Aristobolus (one of the main actors), Malchus, Pitholaus, and Hyrcanus receives only partial coverage. The book cannot be used for occasional consultation.

But the really grave faults are due to the author's astonishing carelessness. Names are a blind spot. Not only are "exotic" foreign names – Bengion, Giovanniini, Raschke (disguised as "Rathke", with a wrong initial) – persistently misspelled, but many English names, or at least the initials that go with them, are wrong. Ancient names are better served, fortunately, but oddities abound: the chieftain Al Chaudonius might be imagined as going with an "Art Avasdes", as American mobsters.

Worse still: the same pervasive carelessness impairs the use of sources. It is clear that most references come from notes and have not been checked. One can never be sure whether an author, ancient or modern, really says what he is reported to say, especially where Sherwin-White's pet theories come into it. From G. E. Rickman's excellent *The Corn Supply of Ancient Rome* he cites the price of wheat in Rome as 4 sesterces a bushel. This, plus a mistranslation of Plutarch's references to Cato's corn law (to which Rickman was the first to draw serious attention), becomes the basis of a "calculation" used to reject Cicero's claim as to the cost of the free distributions under Claudius' law of 58 BC – and (more important) the modern view of this cost was a major factor in the decision to annex Cyprus. In fact, Rickman estimates the cost of wheat at this time at an average of 6 sesterces (which leads to a total above Cicero's claim) and carefully and insistently warns us that all such calculations are essentially guesswork, not to be used for any serious purpose. Moreover, Sherwin-White well knows that in 57 vast armies and land distributions were draining the resources built up by Pompey's conquests, so that by 56 the Treasury was said to be near exhaustion – and that all these expenses were foreseeable in 58. Yet he desperately refuses to admit that politicians foreseeing this might want the wealth of Cyprus as a palliative.

Here as elsewhere the book is characterized by a striving to establish "originality" that is reminiscent of a young thesis-writer. Credit is rarely given for what any scholar in this field will recognize as lavish use of predecessors' formulations; where it is given, frequently either independent discovery is claimed or predecessors' inadequacies are obsessively expounded. Eg, we learn that "only two historians since the turn of the century [!] have given serious thought to the issues involved" in Pompey's annexation of Syria: we never quite learn who the privileged two were, but it seems to be implied that they were in any case wrong.

Scholars attacked are quite often misrepresented. One highlight, concerning myself, will illustrate: on p 264 an interpretation of mine is correctly stated and followed in the text, then misrepresented in a footnote with the comment that the Latin source does not permit the misinterpretation. But misrepresentation of sources is worse: it goes to the substance. It is so common that only a few examples can be given.

To bolster his untenable view (see below) that the province of Cilicia was first created by Sulla, Sherwin-White mistranslates Cicero's reference to Cn. Dolabella's assignment to Cilicia in 80 BC as meaning its first institution. In

fact, Cicero uses the phrase ("provinciam constituit") of regular assignment: he applies it, eg, to C. Gracchus' law regulating the annual assignment of consular provinces. To bolster an untenable chronology for Sulla's praetorship (see below), he misrepresents Vellicus Paternulus' solemn dating of the outbreak of the Social War to 90. Worst of all, perhaps: a casual comment opines that, on a crucially important Athenian archon list with the chief archon's name omitted, his name may have been "lost by damage" at the top of the stone. The non-specialist, in this case, will not easily discover that this is contrary to the published physical facts about the stone.

The astonishing case of Sherwin-White's treatment of Sulla's praetorship and Cilician command cannot be sorted out here, but must be mentioned. (An earlier statement was briefly refuted by Arthur Keaveney in an article.) Sherwin-White's treatment of numismatic evidence (a field where he evidently lacks adequate knowledge) above all reveals his failure to grasp the essentials of historical methodology: that, in fact, the historian must proceed by rational "rules of evidence", not by intuition. We have incomplete series of the coins of several Cappadocian kings, not dated except by regnal years. Long ago, Reinach variously attempted to correlate gaps in the series with expulsions of kings known from the highly defective literary sources. The method has been rather discredited. Increasing numismatic work has tended to fill some gaps, and by no means all gaps can be made to correspond to any historical event. Sherwin-White returns to it with gusto. He does not know Simonetta's handbook *The Coins of the Cappadocian Kings* (1977) and refers to that scholar's 1961 article as "the latest". Where Sherwin-White lists years 2, 3, 11, 13, of the early issues of Ariobarzanes I, Simonetta offers 1, 2, 3, 5, 6, 13. But there are still gaps later in the reign. Sherwin-White sees no methodological problem: "The later gaps... are clearly fortuitous, but the initial blanks seem to correspond to actual withdrawals." It will be seen that, of the "initial blanks", only year 4 is now left – presumably as "fortuitous" as others have turned out to be. But in any case, this method is reminiscent of Humpty Dumpty: gaps must mean what I want them to. At most (we might say), the long gap between 6 and 13 may correspond to the king's absence; but even there, we must allow for future finds for one or two years. No exact chronology can be won this way. As regards the earlier coins of the kings called Ariarathes, Sherwin-White is unaware of a further disastrous complication: the late Otto Mørholm powerfully challenged Simonetta's attributions of the coins among the various kings (last, with a useful summary in his review of the book, *Num Chron* 1979). Such is the evidence Sherwin-White uses to overturn the explicit testimony of Plutarch (based on Sulla's own) and the partially supporting evidence of the *Livian Periochae* ("Summaries") which are all we have of Livy. (The excerptor's method does not provide a precise year, but it is compatible with Plutarch's and excludes Sherwin-White's.) It is strangely apposite to read his reference, in attacking T. J. Luce, to "the frail surmises... that pass for evidence... in the present age of scholarship".

But it is not only the *Periochae* that he does not know well (he lottally gives them the alternative title of *Peritome*, Greek for "circumcision") and occasionally misinterprets: even within the compass of the well-known literary sources he can be surprisingly ill-informed. Thus he asserts that "records are remarkably silent" about extortion cases brought from Asia between the prosecution of its organizer (c 125 BC) and that of P. Rutilius Rufus in 92. Yet one of the most celebrated of all extortion cases falls precisely in that time: that of Q. Mucius Scaevola Augur (119), immortalized by the poet Lucilius; and there is another one, not long before Rufus, alluded to by Cicero (hor. of L. Valerius Flaccus, father of his client). Most noticeable of all, however, is Sherwin-White's lack of acquaintance with recent scholarly work. This is essentially (except for the author's own ideas) a book of the 1950s. When I was up at Oxford at that time, a well-known *don* told me that he always wrote his articles first and then checked to see whom else to read and cite. That is a good way, provided the

reading and citing is done conscientiously. In this instance, very little has been done. There are striking instances, as when Sherwin-White wants to date a Senate decree concerning *publicani* at Pergamum in 101, rather than the usual 129 BC. He does so on intuitive grounds and fails to cite an article in a major journal by H. B. Mattingly which, in 1972, advanced solid arguments for precisely this view. Odder still, he notes "certain excellent general studies" of Pompey "published in recent years", but says he has not cited them because they do not give a "truly detailed study" of Pompey's work in the East. The works not cited include Gelzer's standard biography *Pompeius* (second edition, 1959) and P. Greenhalgh's *Pompey, the Roman Alexander* (1980) – apparently known to Sherwin-White (cf p 201) – which devotes about sixty-five pages to the Eastern settlement, with very useful maps.

German work, even where cited (nearly always with errors in the title), such as Hopf's study of the later Attalids, Hoben on the client princes of Asia Minor, Perl on Pontic and Bithynian regnal dates (cited in a later Russian translation instead of the original German, and clearly not consulted), has not been used where one would expect signs of use. But little is even cited. The great mass of relevant work, in German, French and Italian, has remained simply unknown. That, nowadays, no one can be perfectly informed is obvious. But the scholar cutting himself off from international scholarship in his field will pay the penalty by being ill informed and not himself contributing to progress. To take a random example: Sherwin-White throughout takes for granted the separation of freedom and immunity from tribute, as bestowed upon cities. This has recently been denied in a carefully argued case by a German scholar – mistakenly, I think. But any work ignoring that case may itself suffer the penalty of neglect.

Unfortunately, Sherwin-White is unwilling to read (it seems) because he is simply unwilling to change his mind once it is made up. We have already seen examples of this. But perhaps the oddest of all is the case of the institution of the province of Cilicia. Many scholars (myself included) used to think that there was no permanent province of Cilicia in the 90s BC; though no one else, like Sherwin-White, denied even the solid evidence for its occasional use. But he now reasserts his view in the face of uniquely decisive new evidence: a recently found law, well known to him, dated about 100 BC, in which a "praetorian province of Cilicia" is actually established.

In the end, the accumulation of detail (legitimate in itself, in a work intended for scholars) does not lead to any explicit – or even clearly implied – conclusion. Even in a specialized book, this is unfortunate. The book would have been better published as a series of articles. There are indeed some interesting new ideas, largely mere sketches: eg, the suggestion that in the second century all *onvici et socii* had treaties; or that the impact of the free port at Delos on Rhodes has been exaggerated and was in any case unintended. These and others now tend to get buried in detail, or swamped by error.

Although some individual issues (eg, Pompey's settlement) are fully treated, on the whole along conventional lines, a clear statement on Roman policy and its development during this period does not seem to have been the author's purpose. However, after some initial ambiguity, he seems on the whole to endorse the general picture, sketched by myself and others, of unlimited greed and unscrupulous annexation appearing only in the first century BC. Sulla's "imperialism was that of his generation"; he and, later still, Cicero, were "not interested in the extension of the Roman Empire". But Cicero makes clear the plunderous instinct – the deep desire for "enrichment" – of the post-Sullan governing class. If I have correctly disengaged it, this appears to be Sherwin-White's final view, and it seems unobjectionable. What the Roman people thought at this time is also clear enough, if only from Caesar and Cicero. The quiet modern myth that opposition to the extension of empire was seriously expressed in the Rome of Pompey and Caesar is based on little more than a mistranslation of a phrase of Sallust concerning Lucullus.

Margaret and Maggie

Toby Fitton

LYNNE REID BANKS
The Warning Bell
344pp. Hamish Hamilton. £8.95.
0241 11309 t

A widowed actress, ditched with the summary brutality of her calling after six years of successful work as a pioneer TV newscaster, finds herself, in her early fifties, able to make a brief come-back on the stage, and pauses to reassess her life. It has perhaps been less of a failure than she imagines, if the cost of allowing her only child to be brought up in the grandparental home is set against the chance it offered of finding a career and a second husband. To one less burdened with conscience, such a career might have appeared more sweetly rewarding.

But Maggie Macrae's conscience weighs heavily upon her. The warning bell of the title sounds, or fails to sound, whenever her life is in danger of going awry. It strikes a loud and solemn note when her career on the stage veers away from the strictness of her Calvinist upbringing as the daughter of a Midlothian paper manufacturer. To toll this bell there is the person Margaret, the father's daughter, as opposed to Maggie, whose more wayward spirit owes something to the mother of an apparently repressed and dutiful marriage. We might therefore believe ourselves faced with another fictional study in Scotch dualism after the manner of Hogg and Stevenson and the Carlylean antisyzygy. Whatever antinomies are slyly adduced, however, at this level *The Warning Bell* cannot hope to succeed, not least because the stereotypically dour upbringing lacks any spiritual element in its portrayal, and reaction against it, social rather than religious, must therefore appear just as simplistically conventional.

The heroine receives a letter from an actress friend telling of the "deepest emotions" of her love life: "When one is sunk in them or even remembering them, they feel like Dos-tyevsky, but trying to tell about them they come out like Barbara Cartland." Much the same can be said of *The Warning Bell*. For all its higher claims, much of the narrative is

(perhaps necessarily) novelettish.

Fortunately for the more romantic element, Maggie has another counterpoint, quite separate from her family. Her friend Tanya, a fellow drama student with an uninhibited professional – and sexual – life, is a more suitable *alter ego* for the development of a plot that takes its heroine (despite parental disapproval) through RADA, dim provincial rep and a rapid seduction by a London Scot to the make, to exile in Nigeria with all the repressions of a colonial marriage. "Dead to feminine intuition" and "unable to handle basic situations", the virginal Maggie has to rely on the poise given by her training as an actress to carry her through desertion by her husband and the prolonged trials of singlehandedly bringing up a son who turns out to be uncomfortably like the upright provincial papermaker she has forsaken.

How different all this is from the bome of Tanya, with its stagey tantrums, its tawdry but successful amorosous, its frequent abortions and its intermittent, precarious professional acclaim. Does Maggie, with all her inhibition and indecision, really deserve the "come-lately love" offered coincidentally by one of Tanya's long-separated old flames? The warning bell sounds loud and clear (it usually rings in italic type), but after a headbake that "sent a shaft of physical feeling straight through her to her joints" and mutual gazes of "cool green hunger" it can safely be ignored. *Amor omnia vincit*.

Asin Lynne Reid Banks's other work – most recently with Israeli settings – firm topographical detail gives added force to the narrative. Penicik, a small industrial town looking to Edinburgh, is by no means a strong enough setting to bear such a burden here, any more than it can plausibly sustain an imported – and delightful – African nanny or a homosexual interior-decorator. But the immediately post-war London theatrical students' lodging-house and the Nigerian posting of the disastrous first marriage are convincing, and the chapters on Maggie's TV Newscareer (based, presumably, on the author's own) are particularly well done, not least when they depict growing disillusionment with a career that has ceased to be a challenge. Such professional details are a far cry from Penicik.

Families and friends

Laura Marcus

VICKERY TURNER
Focusing
204pp. Gollancz. £8.95.
0573 034134
JANE SMILEY
Duplicate Keys
306pp. Cape. £8.95.
0224 02181 x

"I was beginning to feel like Miss Marple or Sam Spade hot on the trail." *Focusing*, Vickery Turner's first novel, concerns an Englishwoman, Alexandra Zebedee (married to Leon Pike, a famous American movie-actor), living in California and obsessed by family legends about her Uncle Bart, purportedly killed in the Spanish Civil War while fighting for the International Brigade. After meeting one of Bart's former friends, Alexandra, the narrator of the novel, begins to suspect that her uncle's death may have been fabricated, and a reference to Trotsky (later revealed to be the name of a favourite dog) in one of his old letters bome sets off the hypothesis that Bart's political activities might have sent him into hiding. Chasing over Europe in search of clues, becoming fixated on an elderly philosopher living in seclusion in Switzerland, whom she believes to be her uncle's assumed name; Alex finds herself driven by an obsession which jeopardizes her marriage and her husband's new-found political career, and induces increasingly public speculation about her sanity.

Turner manages this quirky plot with some skill, making her heroine's *idée fixe* and her eventual vindication, both plausible and funny. The scene shifts between pool-side existences in California and the chaotic family life of the Zebedees in Croydon, seen in flashback.

Turner's prose is colloquial and immediate; the novel is strong on dialogue and maintains its ironic tone without overplaying it; it is altogether a lively and engaging performance.

The theme of detection in *Duplicate Keys* is seemingly employed to more conventional ends. The novel opens with its heroine, librarian Alice Ellis, being questioned by the implausibly named Detective Honey after she has discovered the murdered corpses of her friends Denny and Craig in the New York apartment they shared with Susan, Alice's closest friend and Danny's lover. By relegating Honey's professional activities to the background, however, and recounting the story from Alice's perspective, Jane Smiley opens the way for rather different forms of exploration – of marriages, affairs, friendships, growing up and growing older.

Alice's relationship with Susan is central, and Smiley demonstrates a considerable sensitivity in the treatment of love and friendship, displacing the forensic impulse into an analysis of feeling and emotion; but although the prose is for the most part lucid and precise, the novel's ethos – early 1970s hippydom grown up to the 80s, or failing to do so – works against it. Alice and Susan's lengthy dialogues require more deserving subjects than failed but ever-hopeful rock-stars Denny and Craig, jolting smoking Noah or fatuous Rya to justify their totality.

Duplicate Keys makes some intelligent links between detective work and more general forms of perception. The title refers not only to the running motif of stolen and borrowed keys; of changing locks too late, but also to the question of the dangers and the delights involved for women in opening up their lives to others. Miss Marple wouldn't have recognized this novel's territory, but it's convincing for all that.

Witty and well-mannered

Anne Duchêne

SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER
One Thing Leading to Another and other stories
Selected and edited by Susanna Pinney
199pp. Chatto and Windus/The Hogarth Press. £8.95.
07011 2823 z

"There's been another horrid murder by Teddy Bears": a well-bred female voice disturbs the Sunday quiet ("as though the words had been etched in dry-point on the silence") of a hotel lounge, and thus the little joke, heard or imagined, becomes the nucleus of another story by Sylvia Townsend Warner. As, in the uncharacteristically laborious title story here, does a cook's mistaking snuff for curry; or, in a story dated shortly before Warner's death, a woman's sewing a "Widow's quilt" after seeing one to the American Museum in Bath.

Those who like to see the grain of sand working in the oyster of a story-teller's mind are splendidly served when another story is pre-faced by a letter from the author to her friend George Plank in 1963, which uncovers the story's genesis. An American, she writes, has left a somewhat sumptuous hat, of Piccadilly provenance, in the antique shop of her woman friend; they have kept it piously, and put it outside, accessible but safe from cats, whenever they leave home; she would like to wear it herself, but her friend says this would "make her conspicuous" ("What other purpose has a hat?"); if it is undclaimed at Christmas, she will send it to George Plank.

This engendered a story, "Some Effects of a Hat", which appeared in the *New Yorker* a year later, about an American's leaving a similar hat in the home of a spinster (more exactly a weaver, of tweeds) in a Devonshire village; about her trying it on herself, with some pleasure – "instead of resembling a sheep, she resembled a goat" – and how it gives rise to rumour and thence to violence in the village, so that she flees (after having precipitated but sensibly sold up her home, because this author never forgets the practicalities of life) to her unknown cousins in Derbyshire, one of whom, in no time at all, and with every promise of happiness, she marries.

The tiny incident is transmuted, by the story-teller's authority, into a story shimmering with humour and pain, carrying all the blithe inconsequence of chance, which forges its own logic. Unhappily, this is the only time when editorial reticence is breached by Susanna Pinney, who thanks no fewer than three of her publishers for their "help and advice" but does not say why such a large corporate effort was required, nor anything about the unpublished work still remaining, from which she had drawn seven of the twenty stories here. Of the thirteen pub-

lished stories, eleven appeared in the *New Yorker*, whose urbane contours coincided comfortably with the author's, and all of them appeared between 1944 and 1977, in the last thirty years of her life. Presumably the unpublished ones date from this period too, but the editor does not confirm this.

Dates are of little significance, however, where there is no evolutionary change, and all the stories might equally well have come from the previous two decades of the author's writing life. For just over half a century, Sylvia Townsend Warner wrote a witty, warm-hearted, well-mannered prose which never assumed greater significance than the giving – or more exactly, as she made it seem, the sharing – of a good deal of quiet enjoyment. (What might seem to us now the most "contemporary" of these stories, with a heavy charge of menace under its blandness, appeared in *Lilliput* in 1948.) She was happiest in the liberating latitudes of eccentricity, or when she could tilt some well-fleshed verisimilitude gently over into the unlikely, or perhaps beyond that into the fantastic; but she was a modest exotic, and her taste for the improbable was always tempered by good humour, good taste and good will. Lolly Willows, her first full-length heroine, back in the 1920s, might quite placidly turn into a witch, but cannot be conceived of as riding a camel in English lanes, for instance, or any of the other arrogant excesses to which fiercer writers like Rose Macaulay put ladies of similar ilk.

The one appreciable shift in her focus came late in life, when she succumbed to the temptations of mere fancifulness, which notably beset English writers in the genteel tradition; but even then, her rather tiresome four-foot elves, or Elfins, as she called them, remain par-mortals, or serenely incisive in her humans. Four Elf stories conclude this book; only one appeared in the *New Yorker* (it would be interesting to know if the others were rejected, or never submitted). Admirers may persuade themselves of an allegorical aftertaste in these stories – some familiar resonance, say, when Tamarind sets out to find and serve the philosophical author of "Grub's Exposition of the Limited" but ends at the feet of a grotesquely vacuous peasant Grub. Less determined readers may simply find them a sad sign of declining imaginative powers.

With the recent publication of *Scenes of Childhood* and of her letters, there is evidently an elegant conspiracy afoot to remind us of Sylvia Townsend Warner. Rightly so; this collection lies too much under the *New Yorker's* seal of approval, but her vision was both sharper and broader than this may suggest. If we are to keep her in perspective, though, we do need rather more information than we are given here about what is "selected", and how it is "edited".

Criminal proceedings

CHARLOTTE MACLEOD
Something the Cat Dragged In
215pp. Collins. £6.95.
0002317397

The something of the title is a toupée belonging to Herbert Ungley, Emeritus Professor of the Balacava Agricultural College, dragged in and presented to Mrs Martha Lomax by her cat Edmund. Which opens another case for Professor Peter Shandy, Balacava's resident amateur sleuth. Detective comedy is not the easiest of genres, but, as before, Charlotte MacLeod puts together neat plot and light humour to form a pleasant whole.

ELMORE LEONARD
Stick
340pp. Allen Lane. £7.95.
07139 16540

Stick – that's Ernest Stickley, Jr, forty-two years old, born in Norman, Oklahoma and raised in Detroit – has just come down to Florida after doing seven years for armed robbery to Jackson, Michigan; the world's largest walled prison. And here he gets involved with a real set of kooks: Chuckie Buck, the big drugs dealer who keeps himself from taking off with a maintenance dosage of Valium and downers;

wheeler-dealer Barry Stam, who takes Stick on as a chauffeur after he hot-wires Stam's Rolls; and Kyle MacLaren, financial analyst and All-American blonde, with one brother in the FBI and the other a retired baseball pitcher, whom Stick really falls for. As a recorder of the genuine American dämotic, Elmore Leonard is up there at the top of the list with George V. Higgins. But he writes a better plot than Higgins, and he's funnier.

WILLIAM MARSHALL
The For Aways Man
186pp. Secker and Warburg. £7.95.
0436 27323 z

An odd-looking character with curiously blank eyes is traipsing round Hong Kong blasting away an apparently random selection of citizens with a silver-plated Smith and Wesson target pistol model 1891. The only connection between the victims is that they're all carrying someone else's cholera vaccination certificate. William Marshall's latest episode from the lives of the Yellowthread Street police is as fast, as frenetic and as funny as the earlier ones. But there's a strong plot line in there as well, and a good double twist at the end.

T. J. Binyon

BY C.D.F. WATTS

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